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DOCTOR WHO™

MAGAZINE

Return of the Master!

Target Books!

Inspect a gadget!

SFX expert Cliff Culley on Pertwee, pterodactyls and *Planet of the Daleks*

DWM 293 • 26 July 2000
UK £3.30 • US $6.60

WINTER FOR THE ADEPT

"AN EXPENSIVE FINISHING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. TUCKED AWAY SNUGLY IN A CHATEAU HIGH IN THE SWISS ALPS —"
"RATHER TOO TUCKED AWAY, AS IT TURNED OUT."
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, DOCTOR!
I SUPPOSE IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR HELPING WITH ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS...
VWORP!
VWORP!
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP US, PLEASE!
IT'S INSIDE. IT'S IN HERE WITH US!
IT WOULD SEEM WE HAVE SOME KIND OF A GENUINE HAUNTING HERE...
LEE SULLIVAN 2000

Stranded in Switzerland, Nyssa finds cold comfort in the only shelter for miles around . . .

When a teleportation experiment goes badly wrong, Nyssa finds herself stranded on the freezing slopes of the Swiss Alps – but she finds a saviour in the shape of local police officer Peter Sandoz, who takes her to shelter in the snowbound Tremayne school.

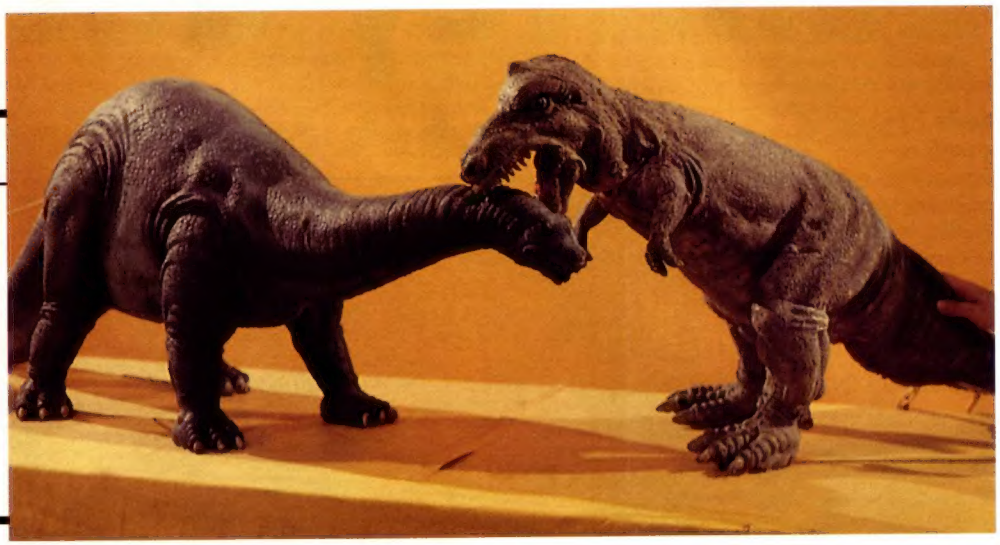
This exclusive academy, however, holds a terrible secret – a malevolent poltergeist. When the Doctor finally traces Nyssa to 1963 he can begin to unravel the mystery – but Nyssa, Sandoz and the Tremayne girls are about to discover that the spirit is merely part of a darker, deeper and more deadly game involving rogue psychic talents. And something else. Something not of this Earth.

Winter For the Adept, by Andrew Cartmel.
Available July on cassette and CD

DWM 293

'You have never beheld such terror as you behold now!'

FEATURES



46 COVER STORY

Working with dinosaurs!

Forget *Jurassic Park*. Forget *Dinosaurs*. Effects genius Cliff Culley built the lizards which ate London back in 1974!

26 A roaring success!

Part Two of *The Changing Face of Target Books* sees the *Doctor Who* range reach for the Moon, the stars and the shores of Loch Ness – only to suffer a near-mortal blow when its parent company comes under attack from the City!

8 Hugh must be joking!

Hundreds of **DWM** readers nominated their dream film and TV Doctors in our last Awards poll. So which stars do you want to land the TARDIS on Hollywood Boulevard – and which do you want to take the Ship to Hammersmith Broadway? Plus! Your favourite Doctors of 1999 – and the team you want to take the show into the 21st century!

REGULARS

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Timewyrm: Revelation

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Gallifrey Guardian

Movie rumours resurface

For the third year running, events at the Cannes Film Festival have caused speculation over BBC Films' ongoing efforts to get a theatrically-released *Doctor Who* movie off the ground. Latest reports have linked the Mutual Film Company (producers of, among others, *Primary Colors* and *Saving Private Ryan*) to the project – and inspired another round of nominations of unlikely-sounding Doctor and director teams, mostly via the infamous Ain't-it-Cool-News website. **DWM** hopes to obtain a definitive statement from BBC Films shortly.

Bonnie at Panopticon!

Subject to work commitments, the initial guest list for the Panopticon 2000 convention – to be held in Manchester over 2-3 September – includes Peter Davison, Nicholas Courtney, Katy Manning, Elisabeth Sladen, Sarah Sutton, Mark Strickson and (making her Panopticon debut) Bonnie Langford. Event organisers Dominitemporal Services are confident that they'll be announcing more Doctors and companions soon. For booking information, see the ad elsewhere this issue.

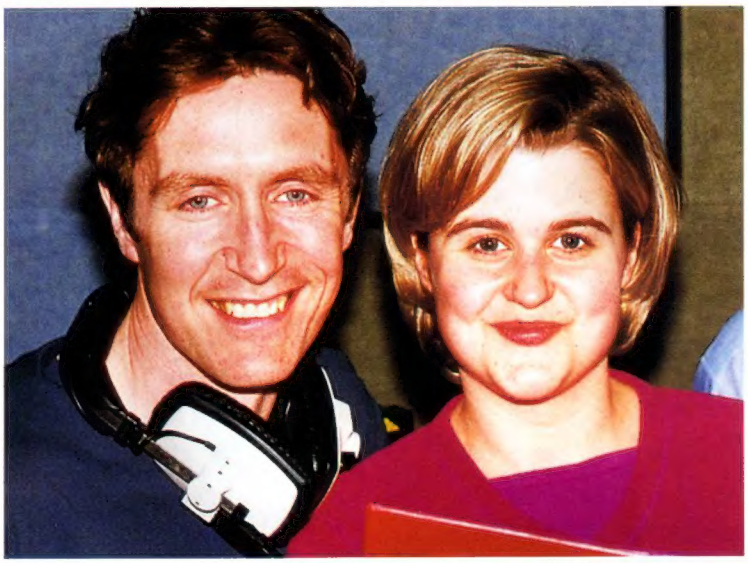
Billy in china

Sculptors Classic Sheercast have issued the first in a BBC-licenced series of limited edition porcelain figurines: the First Doctor, as played by William Hartnell. All seven BBC Doctors will eventually join the range. For further information, see the ad elsewhere this issue or visit the website: *www.doctorwhofigures.co.uk*

Coming in DWM 294

BBC Books big cheese Justin Richards is grilled about the new direction for the Eighth Doctor's print adventures next month! Plus: *Time-Flight* swoops into the **DWM** Archive; the First Doctor lands in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon in another unmade TV adventure; and we eavesdrop on Paul McGann as he reprises the role of the Doctor on audio! **DWM** 294 hits the news-stands on 27 July!

McGann: he's coming back for more!



Fresh from recording four Big Finish plays for release early next year, actor Paul McGann has asked to appear in more audio adventures for the company – and planning of a further season of stories for 2002 is now well underway.

McGann is pictured in studio during the weeks' recording of 15-19 May. He's accompanied by young actress India Fisher, who plays incoming sidekick Charley; India has already been announced as appearing at the Gallifrey 2001 convention in Los Angeles next February.

Look out for an exclusive in-studio report in the next issue of **DWM** – plus many more pictures!

Photo by Barnaby Edwards

Producer appeals for fan 'extras' in radio pilot

Stephen Fry is . . . who?

Dan Freedman, director/producer of the *Doctor Who: Death Comes to Time* project currently in development for Radio 4, is calling upon fans to be heard as extras in the first half-hour!

Freedman confirmed to **DWM** that the BBC has commissioned a pilot episode – but the 13-part series envisaged by Freedman and writer Colin Meek won't proceed until the pilot has been heard and accepted. "If they like it," he says, "they will commission a series. Until then, there is no date for anything to be broadcast."

Recording is currently scheduled for October; the only actors definitely appearing are Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and comedy actor Stephen Fry in a "very important" role: "I've been sworn to the utmost secrecy by the BBC because there is such a huge contingency of Whovians, I think they call them . . ." Fry told *Empire* magazine recently. "I can't tell you what part I play or what happens in it because I would be assassinated if I did."

Promising a "noisy, film-style" production, the list of roles which the producer is asking fans to fill gives some sense of the epic scale of the story . . .

Fry: mystery role

Your chance to star in Doctor Who!

Producer Dan Freedman is offering **DWM** readers the opportunity to be in the *Death Comes to Time* pilot: "We want to experiment by using fans as sound effects/actors," he says. "Accent isn't important." There are three types of part to be filled – so if you want the chance to be in the new production, Radio 4 is asking you to record yourself on an ordinary cassette (or DAT, if possible) improvising a maximum of 10 seconds' worth of speech in the following roles:

Fighter pilots You are a fighter pilot in the heat of battle. You would be likely to use basic phrases – "I'm hit!", "Fire!", "Engage thrusters!" etc – rather than heavy technical jargon or measured, deliberate speech;

Ship-to-ship/base communications Bland, everyday conversations about docking, cargo, requests to land and so on;

Drowning people (DAT only) People calling for help as they are engulfed in a large flood. Not nice, but it isn't supposed to be.

Leaving only a small space between each section, send your tape to: *Doctor Who*, BBC Light Entertainment Radio, BBC Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA.

All tapes must be received no later than 15 July. You won't get paid if your tape is used, but you will have been in *Doctor Who*! Various 'small print' caveats apply: your contribution must be original and all your own work; the BBC will have the right to broadcast or use part of all of your tape on the radio or in any other media as it thinks fit; and no fee will be payable for such use.

Eighth Doctor on EarthWorld

Jacqueline Rayner, DWM Time Teamer and author of highly-acclaimed Big Finish audio *The Marian Conspiracy*, is writing her first *Doctor Who* novel.

Featuring the Eighth Doctor and new companion Anji, *EarthWorld* – to be published next March – marks a return to adventures in time and space, the preceding novel *Escape Velocity* being the last in the Earthbound sequence beginning with August's *The Burning*.

EarthWorld is set on an alien planet which is the site of a huge theme park dedicated to Earth history, staffed and peopled by androids. In addition to lots of "evil teenage girls", it also features a cameo appearance by a monstrous adversary of Doctor Who [sic] in the 1960s . . .

Remembrance extras confirmed

After a brief postponement, it's now certain that fan favourite *Remembrance of the Daleks* will follow *The Robots of Death* and *The Five Doctors* onto the DVD format – and it seems probable that a digital version of *Spearhead From Space* will also be added to the 2001 schedule.

BBC Worldwide's Restoration Team has been asked to compile 'extras' for the *Remembrance* release. The Team are collating and assessing available materials, and fans can expect a great many deleted scenes to appear as a bonus option on the disc – although varying quality means that these cut scenes will not be re-edited into the episodes as broadcast.

Daleks – extended on DVD

These extra sequences are expected to include a lengthier take of the scene in which the Doctor muses upon the nature of destiny in a night café, plus his fabled admission to Dalek mastermind Davros that he is "far more than another Time Lord". It's hoped that a commentary by two people involved in the story's production can be included, too.

As an aside, the Restoration Team's website has moved to *www.restoration-team.co.uk*. It now features an online forum dedicated to technical matters.

Win a wheezing, groaning sound!

Arc Modelmakers have launched a spectacular, limited edition 12-inch high TARDIS – and one lucky reader of **Doctor Who Magazine** issue 293 can win model number 293!

Perfectly proportioned, complete with a flashing light and emitting the famous 'Vworp! Vworp!' dematerialisation sound effect, this collectors' item retails at £94.50. For further details, see the ad in **DWM** 291 or Arc's website: *www.doctorwhomodels.com* – but remember, the TARDIS is limited to just 2000 pieces!

To be in with a chance of winning model no 293, you'll need to know the answer to the following question: in which TV story was the TARDIS destroyed?

Answers on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked THIS DOESN'T ROLL ALONG ON WHEELS, YOU KNOW to the editorial address on page six by 26 July.

Win a poltergeist!

Big Finish Productions' latest adventure, *Winter For the Adept*, is released this July, and – hurrah! – we've got five copies to give away.

Written by former script editor Andrew Cartmel, Winter sees the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa trapped in a remote finishing school with a bevy or overprivileged young ladies – and a rather nasty spook. Guest stars are Peter *Babylon 5* Jurasik and Sally *The Invasion* Faulkner. And the question is: which TV story is partly set in an all-boys boarding school?

Answers on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS to the editorial address on page six by 26 July.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic Mo

Television **Tom Baker** is providing the lead voice for *Max Bear*, a new 13-part Channel 4 animation series due for broadcast around the end of the year. **Paul McGann** quickly followed up his performance as Andrew Morton in *The Biographer* by travelling to Spain to appear in ITV's second series of *Hornblower*, playing a character called Bush; his series *Fish* has failed to be re-commissioned, ratings having fallen as low as 3.5 million. **Bonnie Langford**, who is expecting her first child in October, will be recording an appearance on ITV's *Barrymore* for September broadcast. The BAFTA Craft Awards on 30 April brought forth gongs for **Odile Dicks-Mireaux** (*Castrovalva* and *The Visitation*) for Best Costume Design on *Great Expectations*, **Lisa Westcott** (*Black Orchid*) for Best Make-up and Hair and **Gerry Scott** (design assistant on *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) for Best Design on *Wives and Daughters*. A special award went to 1980s make-up designer **Dorka Nieradzik**.

Film *Dungeons and Dragons*, in which **Tom Baker** plays the King of the Elves, was launched at the Cannes Film Festival and is set for UK release on 20 October. The **Malcolm Kohll**-produced *The 51st State*, starring Samuel L Jackson, will commence shooting in September.

Stage **Louise Jameson** is to play the Wicked Queen at the Wycombe Swan's production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* from 13 December to 14 January. **Nicola Bryant** is touring in *Dinner With George*, a decidedly saucy farce which also stars Peter Baldwin and Marti Webb; Nicola will, apparently, be seen in leather underwear. The tour continues in Eastbourne (week commencing 19 June), Woking (26 June), Cambridge (3 July), Nottingham (10 July), High Wycombe (17 July), Cardiff (24 July) and concludes in Brighton (7 August). **Kate O'Mara** is working with theatre producer Charles Vance to save the troubled King's Theatre in Southsea by taking over the management, obtaining local sponsorship and a capital grant to fund necessary structural repairs.

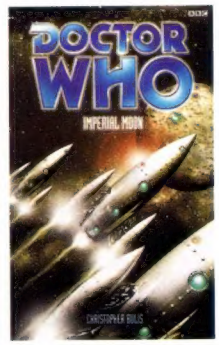
Miscellaneous **Tom Baker** is providing voices for computer game *Perfect Dark*, which is being released by Nintendo. **Andrew Cartmel** is the new editor of *Starburst* magazine.

Obituaries **Eric Dodson**, who played the village Headman in *The Visitation*, died in March aged 80 and **Bernard Price** (an extra in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) died on 11 February aged 74.

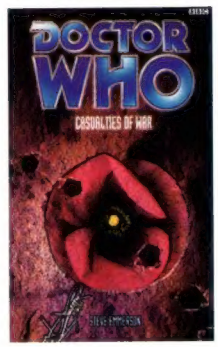
Collectors' Heaven

July **Video** **Doctor Who: Time-Flight** [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa & Tegan] BBC *Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Winter For the Adept** by Andrew Cartmel [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] Big Finish **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Ancestor Cell** by Peter Anghelides & Stephen Cole [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: Prime Time** by Mike Tucker [Seventh Doctor & Ace] BBC Books

August **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Dalek Empire: The Apocalypse Element** by Stephen Cole [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] Big Finish **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Ghosts of N-Space** [Third Doctor & Sarah] BBC *Worldwide* £tbā **Soundtrack CD** **Doctor Who: The Highlanders** [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] BBC *Worldwide* £tba **Soundtrack CD** **Doctor Who: The Macra Terror** [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] BBC *Worldwide* £tba **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Burning** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: Imperial Moon** by Christopher Bulis [Fifth Doctor & Turlough] BBC Books



September **Video** **Doctor Who: An Unearthly Child** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] BBC *Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Fires of Vulcan** by Steve Lyons [Seventh Doctor & Mel] Big Finish **Novel** **Doctor Who: Casualties of War** by Steve Emmerson [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: Festival of Death** by Jonathan Morris [Fourth Doctor, Second Romana & K9] BBC Books **Non-fiction** **Doctor Who: Regeneration** by Philip Segal with Gary Russell *HarperCollins* £17.99



October **DVD** **Doctor Who: The Robots of Death** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] BBC *Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Mutant Phase** by Nick Briggs [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] Big Finish **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Turing Test** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: Independence Day** by Peter Darvill-Evans [Seventh Doctor & Ace] BBC Books

November **Video boxed set** **Doctor Who: The Tenth Planet/Attack of the Cybermen** [First Doctor, Ben & Polly/Sixth Doctor & Peri] BBC *Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Holy Terror** by Rob Shearman [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] Big Finish **Novel** **Doctor Who: Endgame** by Terrance Dicks [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: The King of Terror** by Keith Topping [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] BBC Books

January 2001 **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Storm Warning** by Alan Barnes [Eighth Doctor] Big Finish **Novel** **Doctor Who: Father Time** by Lance Parkin [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Quantum Archangel** by Craig Hinton [Sixth Doctor & Mel] BBC Books

BBC Books novels RRP £5.99
BBC videos RRP £12.99 (except where stated)
Big Finish audio dramas on double CD (£13.99; mail order and specialist shops only) or double cassette (£9.99)

It's been 14 years since I first found myself sat in the offices of **Doctor Who Magazine**. Not that I was working for Marvel UK, as was, half a lifetime ago; back then I could only dream of aspiring to the lofty heights of the Benthams, Marsons and Russells. But, as I wedge my buttocks into the editor's chair full-time for the first time with this issue, I hope you'll forgive a self-indulgent anecdote of the sort which the inspirational Gary Gillatt – who's gone from SV7 to S Club 7, and is now putting a bit of stick about a top pop mag – would have had no truck with whatsoever.

Like every other *Doctor Who* fan of the time, in 1986 I was running my own fanzine (which went under a title so pedestrian and unimaginative I'm too ashamed to mention it here). Not long previously, Sheila Cranna had arrived at **DWM**, giving it a fabulous makeover – and, in a small press world thin on exclusives, it struck me that I could be the first to run an interview with the incoming editor of the self-dubbed "magazine of time and space" (a tagline surely more appropriate for *Quantum Physics Digest*). I dashed off a suitably craven request, which Sheila replied to with promptitude that puts current practice to shame. Her answer was 'yes'. And so, with my friend Ian in

'What exactly do you do as editor of the magazine?' I asked nervously

tow (I was 16, and far too nervous to go on my own), I was summoned to Marvel Towers one afternoon in August.

I say Marvel Towers; it was a bunker in Bayswater, actually, but impossibly glamorous for all that. Sheila worked in the attic; designer Steve Cook sat in a side room, beavering away with Spray Mount and Letraset and other now-obselete products. The questions I asked Sheila (who, after all of 13 seconds, I had a massive crush on) were the sort of swooning, bland blather which would have been deemed a tad uncontroversial in *Sycophancy Today* – the first being, "What exactly do you do as editor?"

She reeled off a long list of technical duties – commissioning, proofing, sorting invoices and the like. Looking back at those answers today, I'm slightly astonished not to find things like: pondering whether or not *The Banquo Legacy* is Rad or Trad; checking out websites with titles like 'Barbara's Big Bouffant'; waking up at 3.30am and thinking, "Ooh, I could murder half-an-hour of *Arc of Infinity* right now"; speculating on the identity and nature of Gallifrey's Enemy in the far future; worrying about what accent Big Finish's Frobisher is going to squawk in; being seized by a sudden need to remind oneself of the name of the elephant which appeared in *The Ark* . . .

It's easy to forget that in just 14 years, *Doctor Who* has changed beyond all recognition. No, it's no longer a fixed point in the TV year, changed but unchanged from decade to decade – and for that very reason the idea of *Doctor Who* is more diverse and challenging and surprising and strange and thrilling than it's ever been. What's that grisly cliché about how 'if it don't kill you, it just makes you stronger'?

What links **DWM** then and **DWM** now isn't just pictures of Police Boxes and Peri – it's *passion*. Passion is why we're all here; passion is what keeps us going. And, more pertinently, it's why, 14 years after I first caught sight of the editor's chair, I'm amazed, humbled and a little bit terrified to find myself sat in it.

Editor Alan Barnes
Design Peri Godbold

Production Mark Irvine
Chief Sub Jason Quinn
Managing Editor Alan O'Keefe
Managing Director Miles Stevens-Hoare

Thanks to Chris Achilleos, Peter Anghelides, Peter Brookes, Stephen Cole, Sue Cowley, Cliff Culley, Terrance Dicks, Gary Gillatt, Elizabeth Godfray, Richard Henwood, Brian Miles, Tim Neal, Richard Molesworth, Jac Rayner, Justin Richards, Adrian Rigelsford, Gary Russell, Ed Salt, Martin Wiggins, Virgin Publishing, BBC Books, BBC Radio Collection, BBC Video, Big Finish and Harlequin Miniatures

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Timelines

Send your letters to: Timelines, DWM, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line, and don't forget to include your full name and address. No subscription or other enquiries by e-mail, please.

Paradise Towers: Briers dressed as Hitler. Langford-molesting not shown

CLUTTERBUCK!

In **DWM** 291, interviewee Tom Baker recalled finding an unopened fan letter written in the 1970s by an Australian boy with "a wonderful name: Clutterbuck!" – and finally sending a reply some 25 years later.

Guess what arrived in the post?

I rarely read **DWM** – the last issue I bought was in 1997. I haven't been a 'true' fan for a while. So it was pretty unusual that I would happen to pick up issue 291 last week – and utterly astonishing that Tom Baker happened to mention me in his interview. For the record, what he said was the utter truth.

Well, mostly anyway. My poverty of imagination in studies has turned me into a lawyer, not a brain surgeon, but it was very polite of Mr Baker to offer up a more respectable profession. He's a true gentleman and a diplomat. The letters he wrote back to me are the sort of familiar correspondence you'd get from a favourite, caring relative who hasn't seen you in an age, but passionately carry on regardless with a conversation started years before. Delightful.

So I just thought I'd clear that up (unlikely-sounding story indeed) – and remark that Tom Baker writes wonderful letters, tells marvellous stories, and that if I "wasn't all that interested in *Doctor Who*" before, then I have certainly had my interest rekindled now.

So, er – what's been happening while I was away?

Josh Clutterbuck
Victoria, Australia

COVER STORIES

The first part of our new Target Books series made happy bunnies of quite a few readers . . .

Thanks very much for the recent Target Books cover [**DWM** 291]. As a child (well, as a young man) I used to cover my bedroom floor in every Target book I had, and try to decide which was the best cover. *Death to the Daleks* usually won – I'm glad it won for you too.

Duncan Hurwood
via e-mail

Thank you, thank you, thank you [repeat 50 times]. I have been waiting some-

thing like 20 years for a complete printing of all the different Target covers – since the back of the original *Monster Book* in fact. The Target novels created my love for *Doctor Who* and the current BBC range keeps my love burning. This article will give me plenty of happy memories. Once again, thank you.

Leigh Hunt
via e-mail

As a priggish hater of the cathode ray tube, may I say how delighted I am with your decision to focus a series of articles on the Target Books novelisations.

I have long preferred Target's *Doctor Who* range to its television spin-off. The books allow me all the magic of *Doctor Who*'s fundamental vision whilst sparing me the sight of *The Good Life*'s Richard Briers, dressed as Hitler, trying to molest Miss Bonnie Langford . . .

Antony Tomlinson
Claygate, Surrey

Ooh, he's so sharp he'll cut himself. Our next correspondent definitely won't approve . . .

YOU DARE TO MOCK ME?

I totally agree with the general views in Ewan Williams' letter in issue 291. There is far too much self-mockery in *Who* fandom. Flicking through various *Star Trek*, *X Files* and *Buffy* publications (for research – I think US sci-fi is dull and lifeless) I found they adopted an almost celebratory and reverential tone. The official *Doctor Who* magazine adopts a frankly disappointed and ironical tone of mockery.

Certainly nothing is above criticism, but when a perfectly good story like *The Invasion of Time* is made out to be like something off Albanian TV and the editor of the official *Who* publication doesn't bother to tune into the repeat season you know something is wrong. It's no wonder that the BBC refuse to make a new series and pull the repeats and replace them with mind-numbing crap like *Battlestar Galactica* and *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*!

Yours in celebration of *Who*,

Jamie Read
Southport, Lancs

There seems to be a lot of flak being dished out to all the new forms of *Doctor Who* being released at the moment. Surely after *Doctor Who* being off the small screen for so long now, any new *Doctor Who*, whatever shape or form it takes, must be better than no *Doctor Who* at all?

All this back-stabbing that is going on because one group of fans likes this and the other likes that is just plain silly . . . I could go on to all the people bitching about the choice of repeats on BBC2, but there is no need as they have been pulled already.

A united front has made the *Star Trek* franchise what it is today – be it good or bad, it's still going strong after 30-odd years. If only *Doctor Who* fandom could say the same . . .

Paul Bowler
Lowestoft, Suffolk

And on that note: more Trads v Rads . . .

In *One vision* [**DWM** 290], Lance Parkin seems to not be writing about Season 14 at the start but defending the nonsense of *Lungbarrow* and *The Infinity Doctors*, as if those two poor novels could come close to *The Deadly Assassin*. What he fails to understand is that the makers of *The Deadly Assassin* were just telling a good story, not trying so hard to force a new direction for the entire series and/or change the entire series. And the same can be said for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*: they weren't trying to make a pilot for an entirely new *Doctor Who*. He goes on and on as a defence of things out of place in a Tom Baker tribute . . .

Charles Mento
via e-mail

In reply to the many people slagging off the BBC books, specifically because of their dark, gloomy content – for God's sake! There have been plenty of televised stories with a Virgin/BBC Books feel to them – it's just that a brightly-lit BBC studio, some ropey effects and the presence of, say, Liza Goddard in a supporting role tended to cancel out the darker side of things. For instance (and most obviously), the whole of Sylvester McCoy's final season pretty much set the template for the book range simply by being so character-driven and serious, as well as introducing character arcs for the Doctor and Ace.

But you can go much further back than that for examples of stories which, had they not already been televised, would not feel out of place in the Virgin or BBC ranges. *Kinda*, for instance, with its Buddhist overtones and the horrifying descent into madness of one of its supporting characters – not to mention the sexual undertones of the relationship between the Mara and Tegan. Or how about *Revelation of the Daleks*? Cannibalism, anyone? No? What about *Enlightenment*, *Logopolis*, *Warriors' Gate*, *The Deadly Assassin*, *Genesis of the Daleks*, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, *The Mind Robber*?

The Deadly Assassin: it's torture – honest . . .

The list goes on and on, but the thing all of these stories share is a sense that the writer has tried to write something other than your usual *Who* story and either break the mould completely or just write a story with a strong underlying theme.

And as for all the criticism of violence against the Doctor himself – just go back and watch . . . well, pretty much any story ever, really. What people don't seem to realise is that although there's a great deal of difference between Colin Baker mugging for the camera and a well-written passage describing, say, the Doctor getting his lights punched out, the end result is pretty much the same.

One last thing. Why all the fuss over the 'TARDIS destroyed and Compassion becomes TARDIS' storyline? Surely people must realise that it's just that – a storyline. Do people really think that the real TARDIS is gone forever? Or for more than about six months, for that matter?

Doctor Who has survived so long by basically having no format – anything is possible! You want to replace the TARDIS with a human TARDIS? Go ahead! You want to re-write the Third Doctor's death scene? Fine. As long as new writers keep trying to make a nearly 40-year old idea fresh and exciting, I'll be around. And I agree with the person who said that the Big Finish CDs were simply a nice bit of nostalgia. They are! The Eighth Doctor books and comic strip are the real new *Who*!

Stephen Brotherstone
Huyton, Liverpool

STRANGE TAILS

And speaking of the strip . . .

'Tardis Tails'? *The Glorious Dead* Part Five was too weird. Stop it.

James Freeman
via e-mail

I've read the Eighth Doctor stuff. I've read the old Doctor stuff. At the end of the day, there's only one contender.

The comic strip wins it every time.

No, really. It reminds me of being nine years old again. I actually get excited about the next issue. Traditionalist versus radical? Why argue over such a false opposition? The strip balances both, with monsters to defeat and rebel leaders quite happily juxtaposed with invention and innovation such as Tardis Tails (deserves his own strip), a messianic 'Master' (deserves his own cable access televangelist show) and, rarest treat of all, a believable and almost sympathetic villain in Katsura Sato. This stuff is great and it's got Kroton in it. Kroton, for heaven's sake. I've been worried about what happened to Kroton for nearly 20 years.

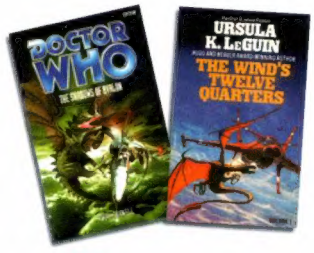
Suddenly, it occurs to me that this is not something one should normally admit to. But it's too late, I've decided where I stand. Walking talking TARDIS? Listen, the strip TARDIS was answering questions with a 'Vworp?' years ago [see **DWM** 70] . . .

Dan Higginbottom
via e-mail

TWIN TWIN . . .

Following on from our revealing the existence of the other *Faceless Ones* in this very sidebar just two issues ago, we've received details of several more books which share titles with *Doctor Who* stories. **Alister Pearson** of the Isle of Wight (yes, that's *the* Alister Pearson) sent us the cover of a 1987 Star Book entitled *Robot* – which might not be that astonishing were it not for the fact it was penned by *Who* writer/director and Target author Peter Grimwade and published by a subsidiary of WH Allen. It's got a direct reference to *Doctor Who* on page 45, apparently . . .

New Zealander **Jon Preddle** also knew about Grimwade's *Robot* – and a 1987 *Robin of Sherwood* novel entitled *The King's Demon* (singular), too. But the best of his bunch was doubtless Nancy Drew mystery number 57: *The Twin Dilemma* – written in 1983 by 'Carolyn Keene' – in which the auburn-haired junior detective takes to wearing a nasty coat, attempts to strangle the Hardy Boys and goes on the trail of a giant slug. (Except we made all that bit up.)



. . . AND SHADOWS SHADOW

Meanwhile, on a similar note, **Owen** or **Gwen Undecipherable** of Stoke Bishop, Bristol wrote to point out the startling similarity between the covers to Paul Cornell's *The Shadows of Avalon* (1999) and Ursula K LeGuin's anthology *The Wind's Twelve Quarters*: Volume 1 (1978). "Presumably it's deliberate," he (or she) says . . .

HOLLYWOOD . . . or bust!

Who would you cast as the Doctor in a multi-million dollar Hollywood Doctor Who film?

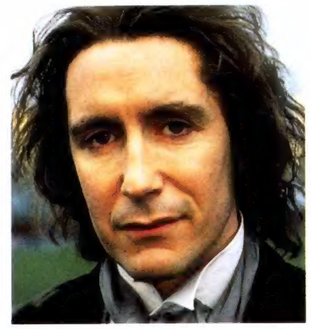
1	**Paul McGann**	124 votes	16%

Who would you cast as the Doctor in a new BBC TV series of Doctor Who?

1	**Paul McGann**	212 votes	27%

We should have seen it coming when we asked the above two questions as part of our 1999 Readers' Survey. For the majority of fans, only one actor can possibly play our hero in the future – and that's the last man to hold the post . . .

Illustration by Roger Langridge



Don't be fooled by the apparent lowness of the percentage scores above. Given that absolutely *any* actor or actress working in the world today could have been nominated in either category, the scale of the two landslide victories achieved by Paul McGann is simply staggering. Indeed, he had only one serious rival in either of the two polls . . .

If it were possible to sum up the fan response to 1996's TV Movie – the last 'proper' chunk of broadcast *Doctor Who* – in six words, those words would have to be, 'great Doctor, shame about the plot'. And despite the fact that the Eighth Doctor's adventures have continued in a vast number books and comic strips, there's still a huge appetite to see McGann resume the part which, in just over an hour's worth of screen time, he made his own. "It would be great if he could continue – it's his own fault for being so damn good!" wailed one of our respondents.

More of you echoed the sentiment. "I would love to see Paul McGann reprise the role," said Cathy Wesselmann of Illinois. "He did a wonderful job with the character in the TV Movie." "I know it's the obvious choice but I would really like Paul to develop what he started in the TV Movie – hopefully with better scripts," commented EJ Stone of Alton, Hants. "He has the experience of both the TV world and that of the movies. He has the looks, the accent and the quality to become the Doctor of the year 2000 . . ." "A movie-style production should follow up the Eighth Doctor's debut. Why not make *The Eight Doctors* – it'd be great!" urged Tony Steele of London.

Anticipating the result of the poll, Nicholas Halliday of Northampton put it beautifully: "A cop-out, maybe, but I want to see more of the Eighth Doctor before I hear of the Ninth . . ."

The poll, which brought forth nearly 800 responses, was conducted long before audio producers Big Finish announced that the actor has recorded four new adventures for release early next year – and doubtless they'll go some way to satisfying our appetite for all things McGann. That's only 'some way', of course; judging by these results, there's a long way to go before *Doctor Who* fans have finished with Paul. It seems we just can't get enough . . .

But what of the runners-up – all those possible Ninth Doctors? Who was your favourite 'new' Doctor of 1999? And who should shape the future direction of TV *Doctor Who*? Your answers were more conclusive – not to mention eye-opening – than we could have hoped . . .

'We want to see more of the Eighth Doctor before we hear of the Ninth!'

FAVOURITE NEW DOCTOR OF 1999

1	**Rowan Atkinson**	**27%**
2	Mark Gatiss	23%
3	Hugh Grant	20%
4	Richard E Grant	19%
5	Joanna Lumley	8%
6	Jim Broadbent	3%

A healthy victory for the leading light of last year's Comic Relief extravaganza, *Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death*. But how did Rowan fare in our polls for future Doctors proper? We'll explain later . . .

Coming soon to a cinema near you . . .

Back in 1986, **DWM** offered readers the chance to nominate their ideal casting choices for a putative *Doctor Who* motion picture. Then, popular nominees for the lead role were long-legged Pythoneer John Cleese, glam rock crooner David Bowie and *Magnum PI*'s Tom Selleck, with Peter O'Toole, Charles Dance, Anthony Hopkins, Robert Hardy and Michael Caine also in the running. The winning artiste, however, was Brian Blessed (accompanied by Meryl Streep and being menaced by a villainous John Hurt).

Fourteen years on, and – well, **Anthony Hopkins** is still big in the rankings, as we'll see, but **Michael Caine**, **John Cleese** and Dame **David Bowie** were the only other 1980s faces to muster even a lowly mention in **DWM**'s most recent survey, the remainder being seemingly forgotten. Brian . . . Who? Hey, that's Hollywood. But which of the white-toothed, clean-limbed Bright Young Things of the Space Year 2000 made the latest list?

Outside the Top Ten, the only non-British actors to muster more than a couple of votes apiece included *American Gothic* star **Gary Cole**, erstwhile FBI suit **David Duchovny**, bullwhip-cracking former carpenter **Harrison Ford**, *Mad Max* man **Mel Gibson**, Tarantino favourite **Harvey Keitel**, once-only Batman **Val Kilmer**, old-timer **Jack Lemmon**, usual suspect **Kevin Spacey** and (as if to make up for being called "the most boring actor ever to darken our screens" by none other than Tom Baker back in **DWM** 258), *Jurassic Park*'s **Sam Neill**. Beating his comedy cohort **Kelsey Grammer** by a couple of points was **David Hyde Pierce**, whose role in top-rated sitcom *Frasier* makes him the ideal candidate, according to Phil Fenerty of Liverpool: "It is a sad fact of life that if one wants to get a big budget production off the ground, a 'name' actor is required. David Hyde Pierce has built up his reputation after playing Niles Crane for many years. Although pompous, self-opinionated, foppish and effete, the character has an almost British quality . . ."

Last year, fan tongues were wagging with the possibility that Denzel Washington might have been given the leading part in a now-torpedoed bid to stage a *Doctor Who* movie; Washington didn't garner a single mention here, but among the perhaps disappointingly small number of non-Caucasian actors whose names did crop up on our survey forms were Oscar winner **Morgan Freeman**, *Matrix* star **Lawrence Fishburne** and Hong Kong thriller favourite **Chow Yun-Fat**.

UK thesps fancied for the job included **Kenneth Branagh**, **Gabriel Byrne**, **Simon Callow**, **Sean Connery**, **Jeremy Irons**, **Eddie Izzard**, **Hugh Laurie**, **Robert Lindsay**, **Jonathan Pryce**, **Pete Postlethwaite**, **Alan Rickman** and **David Warner**. Both **Joanna Lumley** and **David McCallum** registered, too (does some Bel-Air bigwig have an option on *Sapphire and Steel: The Movie*?) – as did both **Tim Curry** and **Donald Sutherland**, whose names were linked with the mooted Coast to Coast/Green Light version of *Doctor Who* way back in the late 1980s and early 1990s. The most senior suggestions were **Christopher Lee**, **Terence Stamp** and **Sir Richard Attenborough**, whom Kate Green of Sutton, Surrey thought would make "a wonderful, dotty Doctor, along the lines of Hartnell. Of course, a younger, hunkier actor would also have to be employed as a companion . . ."

But the blue-eyed boys (and one girl) of the so-called 'Britpack' beat all of the above. Just denied a place in the Top Ten were **Robert Carlyle**, both **Ralph and Joseph Fiennes**, **Rupert Graves**, **Ewan McGregor**, **Tim Roth** and **Helen Baxendale**. **Rufus Sewell** polled a few votes, too – with Paul Stentaford of Northolt, Middx more-or-less summing up the appeal of all the above by describing Sewell as: "a very successful and accomplished British actor who is doing well in Hollywood . . . There would almost certainly be lots of action sequences which would involve the main character and would require for there to be some kind of sexual interest in the lead. This would seem to rule out the possibility of casting an older actor as the Doctor but it is something which Rufus could get his teeth into . . ." **Jude Law**, however, came the closest to the Ten: "an extremely able actor with a wide range, young enough to manage an 'action' Doctor and – if you look at *Wilde* – he could give the role a big dose of seriousness and really suits a frock-coat," reckoned Simon Exton of Belfast.

So much for the also-rans. The actors who only just missed out – by a single point! – were **Rowan Atkinson** and **Gary Oldman**. "Rowan! Rowan! Rowan!" demanded **Jason Spencer** of Christchurch, Dorset. "*Bean* was a massive hit in the States – and we know he's a great Doctor, too!"

And so, in reverse order, the Top Ten – starting with a real surprise . . .

10 Jeff Goldblum 7 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *Jurassic Park*

"He has played various genre roles and is undoubtedly a well-known name. He always brings much humour to everything he does and has been known to work on British productions (*The Tall Guy*). Jeff Goldblum! Natural choice – no question about it!" *Colin John Francis, Somerset*

9 Robin Williams 11 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *The Fisher King*

"Williams' tremendous energy, infectious sense of fun and ability to charm children and adults alike make him an ideal choice to bring *Doctor Who* to a new movie audience" *Neil Fox, Stourbridge, W Midlands*

8 Liam Neeson 14 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *The Phantom Menace*

"I was impressed with his performance in *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace* and of all the well-known actors over here in the US, I feel he would be the one who could do justice to the character" *Cathy Wesselmann, Illinois*

7 Anthony Stewart Head 16 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* [TV]

"Although he is not a major star, he has gathered enough popularity in the USA through his role in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* to make a project starring him viable, and he also has all the qualities that go towards making a great Doctor . . ." *Paul Hayes, Clapham, West Sussex*

6 Patrick Stewart 19 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *The X-Men*

5 Johnny Depp 27 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date *Sleepy Hollow*

Movie Doctors? Anthony Stewart Head, Roberts Carlyle and Lindsay, Sam Neill

"Out of all the potential, brightly shining Hollywood stars, who could possibly be big enough and talented enough to fill the role of the Doctor? A tough one. But then I went to watch *Sleepy Hollow*, and the answer struck me like a head-slicing blade of steel. For an hour and 40-odd minutes, Johnny Depp was the Doctor. I was as shocked as anyone, but there he was striding up and down the screen in best Doctorly fashion, burning with energy, leading the charge on evil, being funny and brave all at the same time. And he wore those peculiar specs" *Paul Laville, Chessington, Surrey*

4 Richard E Grant 31 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date
Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death [TV]

3 Anthony Hopkins 52 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date ***Bram Stoker's Dracula***
"A magnificent humanitarian in *The Elephant Man*, a spell-binding monster-hunter as Van Helsing – and it's about time we had a Welsh Doctor, too!" *Matthew Morgan, Cardiff*

2 Hugh Grant 117 votes

Most Doctor-ish role to date
Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death [TV]
Top of the fops, with 15% of the vote. The arithmetic in casting probably the biggest British film star of the lot seemed inescapable: "He has a certain absent-minded quality which was evidently on show in the Comic Relief special. Also his name being associated with a *Doctor Who* film would certainly pull in the crowds in at the cinema" (*Jamie Jones, Birmingham*); "In the nasty, real, commercial world, Hugh Grant is the only possible choice. Fortunately, he's also the best choice, too!" (*Steve Foster, London*). Indeed, so certain was Miss T Buck of Daventry, Northants that Grant would win out in this section of the survey that she got her retaliation in first: "The Doctor never was and never will be a big girl's blouse. Hugh Grant indeed! You might as well offer the role to Nick 'the plank' Berry and be done with it!"

Starring . . . Hugh Grant by Steven Moffat

In this thrilling extract from the novelisation of the new Doctor Who *motion picture, the Doctor makes his first appearance. (Note that the following was based on an early draft of the screenplay when it was still planned to release the film in Smell-O-Vision. This bold concept was later abandoned when an LA preview audience fled the cinema.)*

. . . In a moment the mighty chamber was a storm of green tentacles and the rubber 'human suits' the Klartons had worn only a moment before lay scattered on the flagstones like so many discarded fruit skins. The giant red eyeballs that were the Klartons' faces bobbed and gibbered above their thrashing tendrils and the pungent steam of Klartonic excitement boiled in the air.

Zordack, leader of the alien Klartons, levitated proudly before his multitudes, emitting the ripe vapours of satisfaction. As he surveyed his warriors his blood-red eyeball narrowed quizzically. There was one Klarton who had yet to discard his repulsive biped disguise.

"Brother Klarton," boomed Zordack, "Will you not join us? Throw aside this hideous form one last time before we proceed to Earth and the doom of the Two-Feets!!"

The still-suited Klarton fidgeted oddly in ways that (according to the human behaviour manual) suggested embarrassment or an acute gastric attack.

"Um . . ." said the Doctor, "I think the zip's stuck."

The room fell silent.

"Zip?? Zip???" roared Zordack, "We Klartons abandoned such simple mechanical devices when the universe was less than half its present size!!!"

"Um. Well, yes. Very exciting it was too . . ."

"Throw aside your suit, Klarton," seethed Zordack, "Now!" The room was suddenly filled with the ammonia of his anger.

"Um ... do you mind if I don't?" continued the Doctor, politely removing the neighbouring Klarton's tentacle as it probed his ear for the suit-release switch.

"Don't you wish to experience your natural Klartonic form?" asked his helpful neighbour, gaseous with puzzlement.

"Well . . . I'm just not that comfortable with nudity."

"You like the suit??" methaned the Klarton.

"Well, um . . ." hesitated the Doctor, "It's got nice hair."

"But it is undignified for a Klarton to wear the suit at all times," protested another Klarton. "They repress our emotional emissions!"

"And inflate!" protested yet another.

"Wait," screamed one the Klarton officers, soaring into the air, "That is no Klarton! That is the meddlesome Time Lord known only as the Doctor!!"

The room fell silent.

Zordack swooped closer to the Doctor. 'Is . . . this . . . true?" he rotting-fruit-ed.

"Um. Well. Actually. I'm wearing a Doctor suit."

"A . . . Doctor . . . suit?" repeated Zordack. The Klarton leader's scepticism was palpable. The Doctor coughed and wiped his eyes.

"Very popular among Dalek children. I think they like to frighten each other."

"Cease these puny lies," roared Zordack. "You are the Doctor!! And you have never beheld such terror as you behold now!"

The squealing gibbering Klarton hordes pressed around the beleaguered Time Lord. "Well, actually," he equivocated, "I did spend a year once as a lip-reader on Tersurus . . ."

"Destroy him!" screamed Zordack, "Destroy him at once!!"

"Wait!" cried the Doctor, his voice ringing with a new authority, "I have come here not as your enemy but to warn you of great danger!!" He paused impressively, as the room fell silent. "The Farango Beast of the Five Fathoms even now awakes beneath your feet!!"

The room fell silent. Then terror coursed through every Klarton body.

The Doctor fainted.

Steven Moffat's CV includes hit BBC2 comedy Coupling, *plus* Press Gang, Joking Apart, Chalk *and Hugh Grant-starring skit* Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death

NEW PRODUCERS OF TV DOCTOR WHO

1=	Russell T Davies	16%
1=	Verity Lambert	16%
3	Big Finish Productions	12%
4	Mark Gatiss [pictured]	6%
5	Philip Hinchcliffe	4%
6=	Terrance Dicks	3%
6=	Philip Segal	3%
8=	Steven Moffat	2%
8=	Matthew Robinson	2%
8=	Joss Whedon	2%
8=	The BBC	2%

"If we can't trust her, who can we?" asked Sabrina Samuels of Hitchin with reference to Verity Lambert, *Doctor Who*'s first-ever producer, who tied for first place in this section of the survey with *Queer As Folk* writer/creator Russell T Davies – whose views on the future of *Doctor Who* were canvassed (along with several others mentioned in this section) back in **DWM** 279. Several, in fact, suggested that Lambert and Davies should work on a new series together; doubtless the reputation of Lambert's company Cinema Verity (producers of *Jonathan Creek*) and the revelation that Davies was asked to develop the since-sidelined *Doctor Who* 2000 project for the BBC proved decisive. But note the rating given to 'the BBC' itself!

Meanwhile, the 32% who constituted 'Others' – all of whom scored less than 1% apiece – included (in no particular order): former books editors **Stephen Cole**, **Peter Darvill-Evans** and **Rebecca Levene**, plus more **authors** than we can mention; former producers **Barry Letts** and **John Nathan-Turner**; former directors **Andrew Morgan**, **Tony Virgo** and **Alan Wareing**; various producers/creators of other shows, including *Babylon 5*, *Births, Marriages and Deaths*, *Gormenghast*, *Walking with Dinosaurs* and *Ultraviolet*; Granada; several optimistic **mes**; plus **Any Bugger To Whom It's Not An Ambition** and his close relative **Anyone Who Has Had Nothing To Do With It Before . . .**

And now, on BBC1 . . .

Votes for the next TV Doctor were much less evenly spread than for the big screen section of the survey; indeed, the top five names took over half of the total count.

Anthony Stewart Head, a strong contender in the Hollywood Doctor category, polled well here, too, as did **Eddie Izzard**, **David McCallum**, **Patrick Stewart** and **Joanna Lumley** – who, along with **Jim Broadbent**, was another of the *Curse of Fatal Death* Doctors to narrowly miss out on the Top Ten (a couple of their fellow Comic Reliefers did, however, score rather more strongly in this section of the survey . . .)

Both *Crystal Maze* baldie **Richard O'Brien** and *Butterflies*/*Doctor Who and the Silurians* star **Geoffrey Palmer** were strongly fancied as Wood Lane wanderers in the Fifth Dimension, only just denied a place on the shortlist. Comedy actors turned out in force, with 1980s spoof Doctor **Lenny Henry**, *Fast Show*/*Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)* head honcho **Charlie Higson**, fey Python **Eric Idle**, *Dad's Army* survivor **Ian Lavender**, sultan of smut **Rik Mayall** and the priestly **Ardal O'Hanlon** all attracting a number of votes. **Simon Pegg** and **Julian Rhind-Tutt**, fresh faces from BBC2's recent *Hippies*, had their fans too.

The future of *Doctor Who* rests with **Tom Baker**, according to a statistically significant number of you; similarly, Audio Visuals diehards and comic strip fans were presumably responsible for the votes allocated to Big Finish bloke **Nicholas Briggs**. Heirs also apparent to the *Doctor Who* crown were several heirs of former Doctors: both **David and Michael Troughton**, plus **Sean Pertwee**, garnered several nominations. And – hurrah! – **Brian Blessed** did find some support in this section. Others whose *Doctor Who* performances won them a mention were *Revelation of the Daleks* guest star **William Gaunt** and **David Collings**, of both *The Robots of Death* and

Atkinson ("massive") plus George Irving ("dry")

Mawdryn Undead ("unbelievably overlooked in the 1980s after his brilliant performances in *Doctor Who* and his two Doctor-ish performances in *Sapphire and Steel* Adventures Three and Six. Who else can match him?" asked Mark Cripps of Chichester).

Familiar TV faces made an impression on the results: OK! TV host **Nigel Havers**, *To Play the King* King **Michael Kitchen**, *Lovejoy* lothario **Ian McShane**, **Bill Paterson**, erstwhile Poirot **David Suchet** and ex-*Ballykissangel* star **Stephen Tompkinson** took a couple of votes apiece. Surprising that **David Jason** – the man whose name will open any and every British TV executive's chequebook – didn't do rather better. Neil Fox of Stourbridge put forward **David Neilson**, aka Roy Cropper in *Coronation Street*: "his uncanny ability to convey single-mindedness and simultaneous detachment from the world would make a fantastic basis for a new Doctor."

Oddly, votes also came in for the late **Bob Peck**, leading man in the still much-regarded *Edge of Darkness* – another star of which, **Tim McInnerny**, was also named in the survey . . . but most likely for his roles in the various Blackadder series, which also featured **Miranda Richardson**, one of only two women to get more than one mention.

It did seem, however, that a number of you believe the next Doctor ought to be cast as much for looks as for any more ethereal quality – going by the amount of support for dripping Darcy **Colin Firth**, *Casualty* carers **Jonathan Kerrigan** and **Gerard Kyd** ("So yummy, so good at acting and his face has a strange quality to it. Mmm, yes!" exclaimed Bryan Simcott of Elton, Chester), *Between the Lines* beefcake **Neil Pearson** ("Versatile and gorgeous!" gasped Miss T Buck of Daventry, Northants) and *The Lakes* lust object **John Simm**. Phwooarr.

Striking a more highbrow note were nominations for long-lasting luvvies such as **Ian Holm**, **Geoffrey Bayldon**, **Nigel Hawthorne**, **Derek Jacobi** – and *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*'s **Frank Finlay**, of whom Jamie Jones of Birmingham said: "the role needs to go back to an actor actually playing the character of the Doctor rather than the role being an outlet for the actor to show off his own personality – and Frank Finlay is a great actor . . ."

Neil Pearson ("versatile") plus the fragrant Lumley

Ah, but enough of the wish lists. Which actors were recalled from audition and asked to do a full screen test?

8= Stephen Fry 12 votes

Most Doctorish role to date *Wilde*

"My ideal TV series would include the new TARDIS console and Stephen Fry as an aristocratic Doctor, with John Hannah and Rachel Weisz reprising their roles from *The Mummy* as his companions" *Dewi Evans, Swansea*

8= Mark Gatiss 12 votes

Most Doctorish role to date
The Web of Caves [sketch in BBC2's *Doctor Who* night]

"Mark Gatiss . . . was quite funny" *Duncan James, Sevenoaks*

8= Robert Powell 12 votes

Most Doctorish role to date *Doomwatch*

"He showed the ability to play the good guy in an interesting way in *Doomwatch* and *Jesus of Nazareth* and has great stage presence. He established a talent for humorous material in *The Detectives*" *Jane Evans, Lichfield*

7 Sylvester McCoy 14 votes

Most Doctorish role to date Um, well . . .

"Let's see the Seventh Doctor and Ace save the universe a few more times before Ace bows out of the series and the Doctor gets that fatal call from Skaro" *Tony Steele, London*

6 George Irving 17 votes

Most Doctorish role to date *Holby City*

"Any *Doctor Who* fan who has ever seen an episode of *Holby City* with Irving as Anton Meyer cannot fail to have jumped up and down screaming 'That is the Doctor!!!' The dry wit, the air of arrogance tempered with a sardonic charm and enigma . . . Of course, the character

would need to be slightly more sympathetic than Meyer, but only slightly. If *Doctor Who* does return as a BBC TV series and Irving is not in the role, then a serious mistake will have been made" *Paul Hayes, West Sussex*

5 Richard E Grant 36 votes

Most Doctorish role to date
Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death

"I have some doubts about the series returning at all in this more cynical age, but I suppose a Sunday evening hour-long slot in the gentle, laid-back, modestly-budgeted style of *The Mrs Bradley Mysteries* might work quite nicely.

"I'd cast Richard E Grant in the lead role, especially after seeing him in last year's *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. He has the right eccentric and photogenic quality and a twinkle in his eye" *Matt Wilkinson, Ipswich*

4 Alan Davies 52 votes

Most Doctorish role to date ***Jonathan Creek***

"Could *Jonathan Creek* be the longest audition ever for *Doctor Who*?" *Phil Fenerty, Liverpool*

3 Rowan Atkinson 55 votes

Most Doctorish role to date
Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death

2 Ian Richardson 67 votes

Most Doctorish role to date ***The Magician's House***

Legendary for his role as Machiavellian politician Francis ('FU') Urquhart in the BBC's *House of Cards* trilogy, Ian Richardson's other roles include Sherlock Holmes plus the owlish Lord Groan in *Gormenghast* and the title role in last year's children's fantasy serial *The Magician's House*. The latter two were both transmitted around the time the Reader's Survey was open – and although it'd be perfectly fair to assume that factor as a significant influence on the outcome of the poll (in which Richardson claimed 9% of the total), it'd be equally necessary to point out that he would make a fine Doctor absolutely whenever you like. "He has a certain quality, a mystery" (*Justin James Thomas, London*); "*The Magician's House* was a dress rehearsal and after seeing him in *Gormenghast* he's got the bottle to play the part" (*Sabrina Samuels, Hitchin*). DWM

Starring . . . Ian Richardson by Paul Cornell

The Doctor's stare held Alice, his face deeply serious, every muscle locked in silence. The depth of his concern scared her. It was as if he had encountered these strangely-uniformed men before, as if those deep, pondering eyes had understood them and had come to fear what they could do before she was even born.

The footsteps of the guards approached the site hut. The Doctor held his palm up to her, warning her to keep still. The footsteps continued past. Alice couldn't meet his steady gaze as the two of them waited. She concentrated instead on the elaborate Saxon brooch that held the Doctor's purple cloak in place at his shoulder. He would have looked like some ancient magician, but for the fact that underneath the cloak he wore the impeccably tailored garb of some fastidious academic.

Finally, the Doctor lowered his palm and blinked at her long and slowly, like an owl.

"Luck is with us," he whispered. "Now we shall have to ride it."

"Doctor, who were those men?" she asked.

He absently patted her on the shoulder, looking about the hut for the first time, quickly taking everything in, while at the same time it was as if he was thinking about something more profound, something distant. "Alice, dear," he murmured, "the Gwarth may look like 'men', but they are no more human than I. Now, we need to visit the TARDIS, because I can see nothing here that may aid us."

"The TARDIS?"

He stopped, and slowly turned his head to scrutinise her, a rather detached smile forming on his lips. "The small, blue, building adjacent to your school. In all our adventures, of course, dear, you have never set foot in it. I had forgotten. The thought took me completely by surprise."

And without another word, he spun on his heel, and threw the door of the hut open, so fast that the daylight blinded Alice for a moment. "Let us hope," he muttered, glancing this way and that on the threshold, "that we may do exactly the same to our opponents." He turned, satisfied that there was no danger, and reached back to her, a warmer smile illuminating his features. "Come on, dear child. Don't dawdle. We cannot always rely on having time on our side."

Alice knew that the Doctor never ran anywhere. Not even when there were alien monsters around in the shape of men. But still she knew that she would follow him anywhere. She took his hand.

Together, they marched off across the quarry.

Paul Cornell has written for Coronation Street, Children's Ward, Wavelength – and authored a truckload of daring and highly-regarded original Doctor Who novels

THE TIME TEAM

Their mission: to watch all of Doctor Who. In order. From the start.

Peter

Richard

Clayton

Jac

Illustration: **Adrian Salmon**

EPISODES 097 TO 104

They'd better watch out; they'd better not cry; they'd better be good – but why? It's Christmas, silly, and Santa Claus is coming to town – as is a certain crotchety old goat in his time and space machine . . .

It's not just any old Christmas, of course. It's Christmas 1965 which our intrepid Time Team have landed in – and only one of them is old enough to remember it the first time round. There's no mistletoe at Peter's pad, sadly – and snogging under the spider plant is right out, much to Clayton's disappointment (and Jac's apparent delight). Nonetheless, Richard has found half a box of leftover crackers in his bottom drawer and, with the sunlight streaming in from outside and the gang all in paper hats, it's time to slide the cassette of *The Feast of Steven* (aka *The Daleks' Master Plan* part seven) into the stereo.

The Doctor, Steven and Sara have landed outside a Liverpool police station on Christmas Day. "Sara's completely unfazed after travelling through time," points out Peter. "Could it be that the people of the year 4000 have time machines of their own?"

Pretty soon, the Doctor is being questioned by the boys in blue, suspected of squatting in one of their police boxes. "I'm a citizen of the universe and a gentleman to boot!" he claims – which, it's pointed out, sounds rather like an invitation for a kicking. In a bid to rescue him, Steven impersonates a Merseyside bobby – but his Scouse accent divides the gang, Jac calling it "fab" but Peter thinking it "awful". "This is very weird," says Clay, "like we're accidentally listening to an episode of *Sykes* or something. Probably just what you'd want after the Christmas pud and mince pies, though . . ."

The second half of the episode comprises a wacky chase through early Hollywood – all Sheikhs, sawmills and Keystone Kops. The trouble is, seeing as large parts of it comprise a silent movie pastiche, no-one's quite sure what's happening. "With no visuals, I have no idea what's going on, and the TARDIS crew don't seem to be there," moans Jac. "Do you think 60s kids would have enjoyed all this silent movie stuff? I reckon they'd have been a bit annoyed at the lack of Daleks, myself," announces Clay. "I wish we could *see* this episode. I can't for the life of me imagine how it would have looked . . ." Eyebrows are raised, however, when the Doctor proclaims, "It's a madhouse – the place is full of Arabs!" "Not terribly PC," murmurs Peter.

And so to the infamous finale, where William Hartnell raises a glass to the camera and wishes "a happy Christmas to all of you at home!" "Doesn't feel out of place among all this nonsense, does it?" remarks Clay. The hitherto-silent Richard is scathing: "Christmas episodes of established programmes usually turn out to be plain awful. This is no exception. What a load of tripe!"

Onward we go. In *Volcano*, villain Mavic Chen discovers that the Taranium core he'd retrieved from the Doctor back in episode six is a fake – and a Dalek time machine is sent after the Doctor. Attempting to throw off their pursuers, the TARDIS lands amid a Test Match at Lords ("Oh dear," sniffs Richard, "we seem to have drifted back to the silliness of *The Chase*"; "the cricket sequence feels all wrong here, like a hangover from the Christmas episode," says Clay) – before landing on the volcanic world of Tigus, and a rendezvous with a 'friend' from the fairly recent past. . .

"Hooray! The Monk!" cries Peter as Peter Butterworth bumbles into earshot. "Another fantastic twist – you get the feeling that anything really can happen in this story." "The Doctor's meeting with the Monk is fabulous," says Clay. "There's so much chuckling and messing about that you can't help but love the pair of them!"

The meddlesome Monk attempts to lock the Doctor out of his TARDIS, stranding him on Tigus – but the Doctor re-opens the Ship by using the sun's ray's refracted through his signet ring. There's uproar. "What a cop-out explanation!" cries Richard. "Properties of the sun combining with the power of the Doctor's ring?! It's the sort of nonsense you used to write in stories at school." "This is the most dodgy science we've

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00112
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00029
One or more regulars incarcerated	00041

heard yet," agrees Jac, "worse even than the incredible shrinking 'space pressure'!"

Golden Death follows – but despite shifting the action to Ancient Egypt, it's very much more of the same. "It's a real pity, but the story seems to be losing its way," comments Richard. "The first few episodes were pacy and exciting. Now it seems to dragging on without really accomplishing anything." And the lead appears to have a frog in the throat; croaking his way through his lines, Hartnell has, it seems, fallen victim to a seasonal streptococcus. "Ah, poor Billy!" coos Richard. "He really is in dire need of a damn good cough, isn't he? It very much shows the style of 60s programme-making – no editing or reshoots unless someone drops dead on the studio floor!"

The Egyptian escapades continue into *Escape Switch* – which marks the only time the gang will be turning on the TV today. Early on, Chen brushes aside a Dalek's eye stalk, which pleases all and sundry: "I love the look the Dalek leader gives Chen when he flounces off in a huff," says Clay. "You can tell his days will soon be numbered. That's what's so great about 60s Daleks, they all have such personalities . . .

"At last it's getting tense and dramatic again," he continues, as the Daleks threaten to kill their prisoners unless the Doctor hands over the core. "That Dalek screaming that one of them can exterminate all is very scary. They're *really* bonkers in this story, arent they?"

The Daleks take the core; meanwhile, the Monk gets trapped on an ice planet with no direction home. "The Monk's definitely set up for a return," points out Jac.

"I *wish* the Monk had become a regular," sighs Clay. "Peter Butterworth is so enjoyable to watch, and much more fun than the Master or any of the other dreary megolomaniac Time Lords. He'd have been a joy with Troughton . . ."

'The Daleks really are bonkers in this story. They're great – they've all got personalities' *Clayton*

But they're getting way ahead of themselves. *The Abandoned Planet* sees the action return to Kembel – in which the Daleks turn on their alien comrades and prepare to invade the galaxy anyway. "The Daleks have the core again – and at last the main story continues after being interrupted in episode two!" grins Peter. "But weren't the last eight episodes the most fantastic padding?

Clayton is impressed by the scenes in which our heroes, minus the mysteriously-vanished Doctor, make their way through the apparently-deserted Dalek city: "With the sound effects and all, Steven and Sara exploring the abandoned base seems very reminiscent of the first Dalek story." The boy wonder is astonished when the delegates are blown up in Chen's *Spar 7-40* – but flabbergasted when Chen stages a sudden reappearance in the cliffhanger: "Well, what a surprise! I really thought Chen *had* been killed, seeing as it's the penultimate episode."

Well, here we are: *Destruction of Time*, the final part of this epic. Chen's gone doo-lally: "Is this the first example of us watching a character's sanity being destroyed over time?" asks Jac. "Quite nasty." "This is all pretty menacing," concurs Clay. "You just know the Daleks have got something nasty in store for Chen. The whole atmosphere is so brooding –" He cuts off. "My God! A whispering Dalek! That is absolutely *fantastic*! They really are never better than here . . ."

Chen is exterminated, but the Doctor's back ("Where's he sprung from and what's he been up to?" asks Peter, peevishily) – and he's only gone and activated the Daleks' deadly Time Destructor. "How spooky is that ticking!?" exclaims Richard. "The tension is so palpable here, even on audio," nods Clay. "I mean, the Doctor's holding the Daleks at bay with a stick whilst the Time Destructor is starting to affect the planet. Eeep! How desperate can you get?"

The Doctor and Sara seize the Time Destructor as Time itself is being eaten away – and Sara pays with her life. The Daleks are defeated. "What it comes down to is the Doctor not thinking things through, and a companion dying because of it," says Jac. "You know, I'd always imagined Sara's death as a heroic sacrifice – like Katarina's – but it's not like that at all. Still, the end scene, with the Doctor and Steven talking about the waste of lives is fantastic."

Peter points out the fact that the Doctor survives the effects of the Destructor suggests he's far more alien than we might think: "Is it possible that he's older than the 60-odd years he seems to be?" But the Team *en masse* are blown away by this instalment. "I want to *see* this so badly," urges Clay. "What a fantastic, breathless, gut-wrenching ending. I'd have sat through 24 weeks of nonsense just to get that. Brilliant.

"*Please* can we set up some sort of Time Team appeal to find this episode?" he gushes, wide-eyed. "I *have* to see what happens to Sara and the Daleks. The Daleks actually *scream*. This would have given me nightmares for life if I'd been a kid watching it."

Several deep breaths and a round of tea later, and it's on to France, 1572 – and *War of God*, the first part of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* (this time via pristine BBC CD recordings). The TARDIS lands in Paris, where tensions are rising between the Catholic state and the persecuted Huguenot minority – and we're soon to discover that the Doctor has an identical double in the menacing Abbot of Amboise. "This is so like the early stories," opines Peter. "The Doctor is a scientist, a humble explorer, and the episode has an educational feel – but there's no Barbara to explain what's going on. To be honest, I'm as baffled as Steven as to the politics. Still, at least the audience can finally start to empathise with him now!" "This really stands out as Peter Purves' finest hour as Steven," reckons Richard. "He carries off his dialogue so well and in such a genuine manner. The best companion so far," he continues, controversially.

Jac's well away. "One of this story's great strengths is that we are basically the companion for it all. We don't know what the Doctor's doing – whether he's the Abbot or not. We're as much in the dark as Steven."

She's already been musing how *Doctor Who* could possibly have maintained its audience – "it seems to be appealing to a different one every other month" – and it's a point Clay picks up on as the story continues in *The Sea Beggar*. "There are some very emotional scenes and powerful dialogue in this episode. If ever *Doctor Who* could claim to not being a children's programme, this is the story to prove it. There's no concession made to younger viewers at all – you really need to concentrate on the ins and outs of this story. I imagine some of the kids would have had trouble following the politics and religious rivalry." Peter's one of them, it seems: "So let's get this straight. Gaston, the Viscount de Lerans, is a Hugenot – ie, a Protestant – and is in Paris to protect the interests of the Admiral de Coligny, unaware that the Catholic Roger Colbert, under the orders of Marshal Tavannes, who is acting on behalf of Catherine de Medici, has hired Moliere the assassin, also known as Bondot, to kill the Admiral who he knows as 'the Sea Beggar'."

He thinks about all this for a moment, then pipes up: "Anyone fancy a pint?"

DWM

AND YOU SAID . . .

Escape Switch

"Shame they didn't make more of the Egyptian setting. It may as well be Planet X for all the purpose it serves" *Jim Brown, Bucks*

"It's a real pity that the Monk has to make a reappearance. As the tension slowly rises, the last thing you need is a comic character getting in the way" *Toby Lindsay, Staffs*

The Abandoned Planet

"There's a lot of padding and wild goose chases and reiteration of the bleeding obvious in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, but even 11 episodes in it still holds your attention in a way that *The Web Planet* or *The Sensorites* couldn't manage over six" *Miles Keen, Frome*

Destruction of Time

"The Time Destructor will continue to work until the Taranium core burns itself out? That can't be right. The Daleks seemed to be perfectly happy to test its effectiveness on Trantis back in episode eight. They wouldn't have done that if they couldn't turn it off, would they?" *Sean Briers, Sussex*

War of God

"For 12 weeks we've been entertained by what no other programme could do – Daleks, adventure, fantasy, aliens . . . Suddenly we get four weeks of internal political squabbles in 16th century France. *Doctor Who* did best when it was original. Historicals were just a safety net, a repeat of what the BBC could show on any other day of the week. Will Admiral de Coligny be saved? Who cares?" *Michael Seely, via e-mail*

The Sea Beggar

"What a wonderful voice André Morell has! Going by his performance as Quatermass, too, he'd have made a great Doctor!" *J Edwards, Glamorgan*

For DWM 295, we need your comments on *The Celestial Toymaker* 3 to *The Savages* 2 by 13 July

The Androids of Tara

PART ONE

The Doctor and Romana trace the fourth segment of the Key to Time to the planet Tara – but on arrival the Doctor decides that he deserves a holiday, and plans to go fishing. Left to retrieve the segment alone, Romana soon discovers it disguised as part of a statue. With the segment transformed, she is attacked by a bear-like creature – but is rescued by a dashing swordsman armed with an electrically-charged rapier. The swordsman, Count Grendel of Gracht, is fascinated by Romana – and insists that her sprained ankle is treated at Castle Gracht.

Romana is taken to a hi-tech surgery, where she is placed in the hands of surgeon-engineer Madame Lamia. Grendel then orders Romana disassembled – whereupon both he and Lamia are astonished to discover that she is not an android. They have Romana sedated.

Fishing on Prince Reynart's private estate, the Doctor is accosted by two soldiers, Swordmaster Zadek and Swordsman Farrah. When they discover that he can mend androids, he is taken to Reynart's hunting lodge to meet the Prince. The Prince explains that he is about to be crowned King – but if he is not present at the appointed hour, Count Grendel will ascend in his place. Grendel wants the throne, and the Prince plans to use an android double of himself – which the Doctor nicknames 'George' – to act as a decoy. The broken-down George is repaired by the Doctor, to whom the group drink a toast. However, the wine is drugged; they pass out. As the Doctor crawls to the door, it opens to reveal Grendel . . .

Doubles and duplicates cause mayhem on Tara – and the plot's not exactly original, either! Would the real Andrew Pixley please stand up?

A King's Gambit in the making – and that's *before* landing on Tara . . .

PART TWO

Zadek, Farrah and the Doctor recover to find the Prince vanished; the Doctor suggests that George is crowned in Reynart's place. Concerned for Romana, the Doctor summons K9 from the TARDIS and directs him to locate her.

At Castle Gracht, Romana is taken to the cells and shown the second-in-line to the throne, Princess Strella – who is Romana's exact double. Romana is placed in the next cell to nurse the feverish Reynart while Grendel departs for the Coronation.

The Doctor, Zadek and Farrah use old plague tunnels to get George into the Palace at Tara, just ahead of an attack by a squad of Grendel's soldiers. Grendel puts his own guards on duty at the Palace – but is amazed when, at the appointed hour, the throne room doors are opened to reveal 'Reynart'. The Archimandrite begins the Coronation ceremony and the android manages to get through all its speeches. To the Doctor's amazement, Strella is the first noble to swear loyalty to the King. Suddenly, the Doctor grabs a ceremonial sceptre and brings it smashing down on Strella's head . . .

PART THREE

'Strella' is revealed to be an android which the Doctor heard sparking. Grendel wants to know more about the Doctor; returning to the castle, he determines that Romana knows him and orders Lamia to construct an android duplicate of her.

K9 arrives at the Palace, confirming that Romana is held in Castle Gracht. The Doctor is then approached by Till, one of Grendel's servants, with a message from Lamia: Romana will be freed if she and Grendel are allowed to escape; the Doctor must meet her at the Pavilion of the Summer Winds. Suspecting a trap, the Doctor arrives early, accompanied by K9. When Lamia arrives, she brings Romana in with her – as Grendel and his men wait outside. However, this Romana is an android programmed to kill on hearing the Doctor's voice; K9 destroys it – and Grendel's men kill Lamia in the confusion. Fleeing from the rear of the Pavilion, the Doctor is rescued by Romana – who has escaped from Castle Gracht and stolen a horse.

At the hunting lodge, the Doctor and Romana meet Zadek and Farrah, and soon Grendel arrives under a flag of truce. Grendel suggests an alliance with the Doctor – but this is a ruse to gain entry and hurl a spear into George, destroying the android. As Grendel flees, it is clear that his men have re-captured Romana . . .

Romana is readied for 'surgery' . . .

'Next time, I shall not be so lenient!'

As Reynart's men over-run Castle Gracht, the Doctor's rapier duel with Count Grendel moves to the battlements.

DOCTOR It's all over Grendel! That's Zadek and his men . . . listen! You might as well surrender now, huh?
[*Grendel lunges at the Doctor, forcing him back. The Doctor grabs Grendel's helmet*]
GRENDEL Surrender? You forget Doctor, I'm a Gracht. We never surrender!
[*Grendel considers the situation and, dropping his rapier, mounts the castle rampart*]
Next time, I shall not be so lenient! [*Grendel gracefully dives into the moat and swims off*]
DOCTOR Grendel? You forgot your hat! [*He throws Grendel's helmet after him*]

From The Androids of Tara Part Four, by David Fisher

PART FOUR

Romana is once more imprisoned with Reynart as Grendel reveals that he is planning a wedding: Romana will pretend to be Strella and marry King Reynart; Reynart will then have an 'accident' and Grendel will marry the widowed 'Strella' before she too meets with an unfortunate end. With Strella's life threatened, Romana and Reynart reluctantly comply.

The Doctor and Zadek plan an attack on Castle Gracht. That night, the Doctor and K9 take a boat across the moat; K9 burns through a watergate entrance. The Doctor enters the castle just as the ceremony is beginning, interrupting the Archimandrite before the final vows are made. An infuriated Grendel challenges the Doctor to a duel with rapiers; as the fight ensues, Reynart opens the main gates, allowing Zadek and his men to storm the castle. Kurster, one of Grendel's men, attempts to kill Strella, but Romana follows him and saves the Princess.

Rather than be captured, Grendel leaps from the battlements and escapes by swimming the moat, swearing to fight another day. The Doctor finds Romana in the cells and confirms that he collected the segment from Lamia's surgery earlier on. Reynart is reunited with Strella – and all that is left to do is retrieve K9, who is floating adrift in the moat . . .

In Production

Paul Lavers as Farrah and Tom Baker as the Doctor, on location in the grounds of Leeds Castle

Mancunian art school graduate Ted Lewis had risen to notoriety when his 1970 gangland thriller, *Jack's Return Home*, was filmed as the stylish and gritty *Get Carter*. As part of a parallel scriptwriting career, Lewis had contributed to the BBC police drama *Z Cars* in the mid-1970s – when a script editor named Graham Williams was working on the series. Williams would go on to be given the producership of *Doctor Who* – and, late in 1977, he sought to entice Lewis to work on his science fiction show. Keen to employ such a prominent talent, *Doctor Who*'s script editor, Anthony Read, met up with Lewis to discuss story ideas.

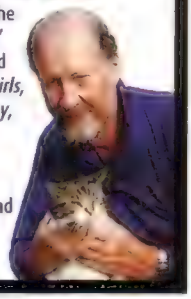
Read discussed with Lewis the notion that, since historical records are not necessarily reliable sources, some of the great heroes might, in fact, have been the precise opposites of the characters who would go down in history: the Doctor, for example, might encounter the 'real' Robin Hood, only to find out that this historical hero was really a villain . . .

Lewis duly started work on his serial, which was lined up as the fourth of the six 'Key to Time' serials planned for Season 16. By the end of February 1978, the season was due to open with *The Galactic Conman* (later *The Ribos Operation*) by Robert Holmes followed by *The Pirate Planet* by Douglas Adams, *Stones of Time* (later *The Stones of Blood*) by David Fisher, Lewis' story, another uncommissioned serial, and concluding with *Armageddon* by Bob Baker and Dave Martin.

Photos: BBC Video(s) Richard Bignell(s)

DIRECTOR Michael Hayes

Despite having trained as a biologist, Michael Hayes was always fascinated by the acting profession. After some amateur stage work, he joined a repertory company, going on to audition for the theatre at Stratford following National Service. His acting career took him to the West End, later touring America with the Old Vic. Moving into production, Hayes became a radio studio manager with the BBC in 1956, later being employed as a television production assistant in Birmingham. In 1960, he was the technical director on the BBC's ambitious Shakespeare project, *An Age of Kings*; he was then sent on the BBC director's course and oversaw a play, *The Little Key*. Hayes co-produced the 1961 science fiction serial *A For Andromeda*; he worked on *Maigret* in 1963, going freelance when the drama department was restructured by Sydney Newman. His work at the BBC continued with episodes of *Mogul*, *The Spies* and *The Troubleshooters*; he also directed the 1969 film *The Promise*. In the 1970s, Hayes' work included *Take Three Girls*, *Play for Today*, *Churchill's People*, *Oil Strike North* plus *Z Cars* and its various spin-offs.



Problems with the fourth story became apparent to Read when Lewis delivered his first episode; Lewis was not familiar with *Doctor Who*, and Read feared that the idea of rewriting history might prove too sophisticated for the series. Lewis was asked to make various changes to his first script, but he was experiencing terrible personal problems at this time – he had separated from his wife and was drinking heavily. Drunk when he arrived at the production office to deliver his revised script, it was clear that he would not be able to complete the commission. Read and Williams paid off Lewis, who was not asked back to the BBC; he died from a chest infection and a heart attack in 1982.

For a rapid replacement, Read turned to his precursor, Robert Holmes – who, having already developed the script for *The Galactic Conman* over December and January, was completing his first script for *Blake's 7* in the Spring. Simultaneously, Read decided to allocate the fifth serial to an old colleague, David Fisher, who had written *Stones of Time* between December and March. The pair were kindred spirits, Read thinking that Fisher's scripts had demonstrated a good feeling for *Doctor Who*. He therefore decided to suggest that Fisher should write a serial in the same mould as the aborted Robin Hood storyline – a reworking of a romantic, swashbuckling story – nominating Anthony Hope's 19th century adventure novel *The Prisoner of Zenda* as a good basis for a fun parody. Fisher liked the story and its structure, and rapidly agreed.

Read commissioned both Holmes and Fisher to each write another four-part story on Friday 26 May. Fisher was asked to provide *The Androids of Zenda* by Wednesday 21 June at the latest. Holmes' script, *Moon of Death*, was required even more speedily, with a target delivery date of Monday 5 June – the same day director Michael Hayes was scheduled to join Serial 5D. Hayes had been booked by Williams to direct both 5D and the season's closing story on Monday 6 March, meaning that he'd be working continually on *Doctor Who* from June 1978 through to the end of January 1979. Hayes was a very stylish director, popular with casts and crews, who had met Williams some five years earlier on *Softly, Softly: Task Force*; Head of Drama Serials Graeme MacDonald had remarked on many occasions that Hayes should work on *Doctor Who*. Hayes was also known to Read – having directed the first episode of *The Troubleshooters*, which Read had produced in 1968.

Clown, Prince: Neville Jason and Tom Baker in the Throne Room set

'Some might say I was wrong to do a pastiche of The Prisoner of Zenda, but I think it worked well'

Graham Williams

The first two of Holmes' scripts – now titled *The Horror of the Swamp* – were delivered on Wednesday 7 June. Hayes' immediate misgivings were confirmed when the second pair, delivered on Thursday 15, required the realisation of a massive squid-monster – an effect which Hayes did not think could be successfully achieved. Hayes discussed his concerns with Williams, who decided that Holmes' serial should be swapped with Fisher's *The Androids of Zenda* – the first episode of which had been delivered on Wednesday 14. The prospect of a swashbuckling spoof was far more appealing to Hayes.

Fisher's scripts were entitled *The Androids of Tara* (apparently, other titles including *The Androids of Zend* and *The Seeds of Time* were also used). Character names were derived from a number of sources: the villainous Count was 'Grendel', from the eighth century epic poem *Beowulf*; the heroic Prince was 'Reynart', stemming from the medieval French beast fable *Roman de Renart*; Grendel's surgeon-engineer was 'Lamia', after a blood-sucking female monster in Greek mythology; the planet Tara was named after the fairy capital in Irish folklore; and the title of the priestly Archimandrite derived from the name of a superior of a monastery in the Greek Orthodox Church. Originally, Fisher had hoped to include some truly outlandish fantasy concepts – the horses being unicorns, for example, or indeed some form of mechanical creature which could fly.

The first script set out Tara's "idyllic Earth-like countryside". In the TARDIS, the Doctor remarked on his having seen Alexandre Alekhine beat Jose Capablanca at chess in Buenos Aires on 29 November 1927. He also spoke at length about the 17th century writer Izaak Walton, author of *The Compleat Angler*; Romana was to ask him if fishing was another of "your stupid Earth sports" (a reference to dialogue about tennis in Fisher's *The Stones of Blood*).

The statue which Romana is led to was "supposed to represent a knight, like St George, killing a dragon with a lance". The creature which attacks Romana was "a large, ferocious bear" which traps her beside a small cliff; Grendel then appears above her, armed with his electro-rapier – and when his rapier touches the creature, there was to be "a shower of sparks". Count Grendel was described as "good-looking, charming and (as Romana is to discover) totally villainous"; apologising to Romana, he hopes that she hasn't imagined "that all our fauna in my woods are as unfriendly as that creature", explaining that this is all that remained of the Gracht estates "after my father's debts were paid." Romana willingly goes with Grendel because she is "obviously attracted to him, and does not mind too much". The men-at-arms who encounter the slumbering Doctor were Farrah and Swordmaster Zadek; the Doctor is awoken when he senses "Something burning. I can smell smoke" – only to discover that Farrah has used his electro-rapier on his hat. The Doctor denies being a poacher, demonstrating to the pair the fact that he has no bait on his hook; he instead claims to be "Just passing through. Lightning visit." Looking at his smouldering hat, he asks: "How did you manage to do that? Incendiary moths?"

Castle Gracht was described as "a magnificent fairy tale castle, with a moat and a drawbridge". Till was originally envisaged as a dwarf; Lamia was

described as a "dark-haired, striking looking woman wearing a long dress with a white or plastic long coat like a Doctor". In Lamia's surgery, a heavy "restraining blanket" wraps itself around Romana, holding her down. When the Doctor approaches Reynart's hunting lodge with Farrah and Zadek, he remarks that "Your domestic architecture is charming". When Farrah proceeds to slice his scarf in two outside the lodge, the Doctor was to retort: "I wish you'd look what you're doing with that thing. These are knitted specially for me by a little old organism in Altair Three you know."

Part Two was delivered on Tuesday 20 June, with the final two scripts following on Friday 23; all of them differ in places to their on-screen realisation. In Part Two, when sending K9 to find Romana, the Doctor was to say: "Whatever you do, K9, don't take any action at the castle – unless you have to." The principal feature of the Ante Chamber in the Palace of Tara was "an ornate water clock, covered with astrological symbols". In Part Three, Fisher indicates that the Romana android's laser beam emerges from "her belt buckle or from a pendant she wears". The Pavilion of the Summer Winds was described as an "ornate wooden pavilion or lodge, possibly like a log cabin (unless there is something else already available on location!)"; originally, K9 tells the Doctor that he senses no alien presence as they approach the Pavilion. After the death of Lamia, Grendel offers "a hundred thalers" to the man who could bring the Doctor down. As Romana rides past the Doctor on Grendel's charger, she was to ask him, "Can I give you a lift somewhere?" – to which the Doctor replies: "Anywhere. K9 follow us. And take care of yourself." Arriving at the lodge, Zadek was to comment on how the android's power pack needs recharging – but when the Doctor asks if Zadek has brought his tools, Romana says that they have no time, and must rescue the King. As Grendel approaches the lodge, Romana says that she would rather like to see the Count again; the Doctor persuades her reluctantly into hiding, with Romana saying "I shall listen at the keyhole."

When K9 cuts through the water-gate in Part Four, the effect is "similar to an oxy-acetylene torch". After appearing to have no fencing skills at all, the Doctor suddenly displays great dexterity with an electro-rapier in the duel in the Great Hall, causing the Count to breathe "I don't believe it . . ." – and Romana to exclaim "Doctor! You can do it!" Fisher indicated that ideally the swordfight should be mounted on castle battlements on location – although if it had to be

One of Grendel's men takes a break between shots

STORYLINE The Prisoner of Zenda

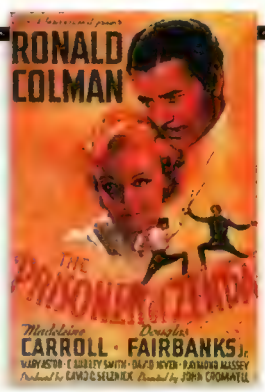
First published in 1894, *The Prisoner of Zenda* was written by the London-born Anthony Hope Hawkins under the pen-name of 'Anthony Hope'; then in his 30s, he had been called to the bar in 1887. After five previous books, the swashbuckling *Zenda* was Hope's first success, allowing him to write for a living.

The novel is related by the hero, Rudolf Rassendyll, a carefree young man who visits the country of Ruritania; he is a descendant of the Elphbergs, the Royal Family of Ruritania. Rudolf of Elphberg is due to be crowned King Rudolf V, but he has a rival in his half-brother Black Michael, the Duke of Strelsau. Both the Prince and Michael desire Rudolf's cousin, Princess Flavia, as their bride. Walking in the woods near Zenda, the location of Michael's castle, on the day before the Coronation, Rassendyll takes a nap and is found by two noblemen loyal to Rudolf – the elderly Colonel Sapt and the younger Captain Fritz von Tarlenheim. They are astounded by his resemblance to Rudolf, and the Prince invites Rassendyll to dine with them at their shooting lodge. The men drink to excess – but the wine has been drugged by agents of Black Michael, causing them to pass out. With the Prince incapacitated, it is decided that the Duke's claim to the throne will be foiled by having Rassendyll impersonate the Prince and attend the coronation at Strelsau. Having been crowned, Rassendyll finds himself attracted to Flavia. Rudolf and Sapt return to the hunting lodge, only to find that the new King has been kidnapped by Black Michael. Returning to Strelsau, Rassendyll realises that both sides are in stalemate; they cannot accuse the Duke of kidnapping the real king, nor can Black Michael

reveal Rudolf as an impostor. Sapt discovers that the King is a captive in the Castle of Zenda. Rudolf receives a message from Antoinette de Maubin, a woman he had earlier met when travelling to Ruritania and who wishes to marry the Duke; she implores Rudolf to meet her at midnight at a summer-house so that she may prevent Black Michael's plan to marry Flavia. The meeting is a trap, from which Rudolf narrowly escapes. Sapt spreads rumours that Rudolf and Flavia are engaged to appease the population, and it is decided that Zenda must be attacked and the King rescued. Establishing camp close to the castle, Sapt's group learn that the King is becoming ill with a fever, and will be disposed of into the moat if the castle is attacked. Rudolf and Sapt's men approach the castle at night; Rudolf swims the moat and overpowers a guard, bringing back a rowing boat. Rudolf and Flavia are visited by one of Black Michael's men – Rupert of Hentzau, who suggests that both the King and the Duke should be killed, allowing him to marry Antoinette, whom he loves, while Rudolf can rule and marry Flavia. At night, Rudolf swims the moat again to open the door and begin Sapt's attack on Zenda; he is in time to stop one of the Duke's men killing the fevered King. Black Michael is killed by the jealous Rupert, who escapes Zenda as Rudolf lowers the drawbridge. Rudolf gives chase and a swordfight takes place in the woodlands, with Rupert escaping to fight another day and swearing revenge on Rudolf. King Rudolf V is restored to the throne, and Rassendyll returns home to England without the people of Ruritania ever knowing of the deception.

In David Fisher's reworking, Prince Rudolf became Prince Reynart; Duke 'Black' Michael and his follower Rupert of Hentzau were conflated to become Count Grendel of Gracht; Antoinette de Maubin became Madame Lamia; Colonel Sapt and Captain Fritz von Tarlenheim became Swordmaster Zadek and Swordsman Farrah; Princess Flavia's role was expanded when she became Princess Strella; and the role of the hero, Rudolf Rassendyll, was effectively split between the Doctor and Reynart's android double. Thus, as the Doctor comments in Part One of *The Androids of Tara* when Zadek reveals his plan to use a substitute at the Coronation, "It has been done before . . ."

Dramatised in 1896, the novel was followed by a sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*, in 1898; Hope was knighted in 1918. Silent versions of the tale had been filmed in 1913, 1915 and 1922, but it was the Ronald Colman/Douglas Fairbanks Jr version made by David O Selznick in 1937 which scored a major hit with cinema



audiences. MGM's Technicolor remake starring Stewart Granger and James Mason followed in 1952; this used effectively the same script, developed by John Balderston amongst others (in the film versions, 'Zapt'/Sapt and Fritz find Rassendyll fishing, and Fritz lifts Rudolf's hat with his rapier). The book was also used as the basis for George MacDonald Fraser's second Flashman novel, *Royal Flash* (1971), in which the arch-cad Harry Flashman is inveigled into a virtually identical plot (which it's claimed that Hope used as the basis for *his* novel!); a film adaptation starring Malcolm McDowell was released in 1975. Another version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, starring Peter Sellers, had just entered production in Vienna in July 1978; it was released in 1979.

Baker and the film crew – never a crossbow between them

mounted in studio, it should climax in "a tower room with a window over looking the moat". Fisher was particularly fond of Grendel and decided that – as Hope had done with Rupert of Hentzau in *The Prisoner of Zenda* – he would let the Count escape for a possible re-match. In the scripts, the Count's final speech when the Doctor suggests he should submit to Zadek was: "Surrender to that blockhead? Doctor. I'm a Gracht. We never surrender. We make sure we live to fight another day. Nothing like a midnight swim. One day, Doctor, I'll finish giving you that fencing lesson."

Commenting to Williams about *The Androids of Tara* scripts on Monday 10 July, Graeme MacDonald observed that its origins were obvious. Sections of Part One were rewritten on Monday 17, including the dialogue between Romana and the Count and the final lodge scene. Amendments made the following day included rewrites to the scenes where Grendel outlines his plan to Romana in the dungeon corridor during Part Two, the scenes in the lodge at the end of Part Three and the final dungeon scene in Part Four.

Hayes selected Leeds Castle at Leeds in Kent as the venue for location shooting; unfortunately, the crew were not able to get access to the castle during early July because a Middle Eastern peace conference was being held there. Cast and crew travelled to the unit hotel in Hollingbourne near Maidstone on Sunday 23 July.

Shooting on 16mm film got underway around 11.00am on Monday 24, a day the castle was closed to the public. The crew were restricted to working in the castle's private estate, under instructions not to enter the castle itself except for the scenes planned for the courtyard. Baker and Tamm were joined by guest star Peter Jeffrey, playing Grendel, plus Simon Lack and Paul Lavers as Zadek and Farrah respectively. Jeffrey had guested in *Doctor Who* before, as the Pilot in the 1967 serial *The Macra Terror*; TV work since then had included *Elizabeth R*, *O Fat White Woman* and *London Belongs to Me* plus the film *The Odessa File* alongside Romana actress Mary Tamm. Lack had also a *Doctor Who* serial to his name – *The Mind of Evil*, seven years earlier – and was featuring in LWT's *Enemy at the Door*.

The first sequences filmed were the Part One scenes involving the TARDIS, shot behind the pavilion garden to the west of the main castle. Blessed by sunny weather, the camera team then moved to the small river for the Doctor's fishing scenes. It was here that Baker accidentally threw the antique fishing rod he had been given to use into the water when casting his line; stunt arranger Terry Walsh had to retrieve it. A flash charge was placed under the Doctor's hat for use in the scene where the Doctor is captured by Farrah and Zadek. Star Tom Baker disliked this sequence; Hayes allowed him to alter this and other dialogue exchanges during the shoot.

After lunch, the Part One scenes where Romana finds the fourth segment of the Key to Time were filmed near the stream and at the garden wall. Having exhausted her budget, costume designer Doreen James hired in a bear costume for the Taran creature which menaces Romana – but, even with a new headpiece, it proved less than convincing. Hayes opted to film the creature as subtly as possible, minimising its appearance. Its arrival was heralded by shots of rustling in the bushes; the rustling was made by Hayes' 14 year-old son, Patrick.

Locked-off camera shots of both the dragon statue and crystal props were taken; in editing, the transformation of the statue into the fourth segment would be achieved by merging these two images. Equestrianism not being one of her skills, Tamm was rather concerned by the scenes where Romana was required to ride a horse. Finally the crew moved to the pavilion to the west of the castle, which had been dressed with drapes and banners to double as Reynart's hunting lodge; scenes filmed here for Parts One and Two included the Doctor summoning K9 with his silent whistle, which Fisher had originally intended for studio. Filming wrapped around 6pm, by which time the sky was overcast. The material where Farrah slices the Doctor's scarf in two was dropped and reworked for studio.

Grendel (Peter Jeffrey) confronts the besotted Lamia (Lois Baxter)

The following day, Tuesday 25, the castle was open to the public between 1.00 and 5.30pm, and so the bulk of the shoot was scheduled for night-time, with the crew dressing the moat's water-gate entrance during the day. Part Three's closing sequence – in which Kurster, Grendel's captain of the guard, kidnaps Romana – was filmed at 4.30pm; stuntwoman Roberta Gibbs stood in for Tamm, as on *The Stones of Blood* the previous month. At 6.00pm, the unit shot the sequences showing the Doctor's party and Grendel's guards at the entrance to the tunnel in Part Two; by now it was getting windy, although the summer sun was still bright. The main shoot – comprising the Part Four sequences showing the Doctor and K9 at the moat and water-gate – commenced after supper, at 8.30pm. A lightweight K9 prop was used for several sequences, with a rowing boat being either guided on a nylon thread or steered by an out-of-shot Patrick Hayes. Shots of the guards patrolling the battlements were also filmed, and the unit wrapped with a hot meal around 1.30am. Hayes was amazed that, even in the dead of night, the noise of lorries travelling to and from Folkestone on the A20 caused sound problems.

With the castle once more open to the public on Wednesday 26, shooting was again left until later in the day. In the afternoon, Walsh gave Baker some sword-fighting lessons; since Grendel was to wear a helmet during the duel, it was easy for Walsh to double Jeffrey in most shots.

LOCATION Leeds Castle

Leeds Castle is a Saxon royal manor dating from 857; it was the home of the Norman family, the Crevecoeurs, and developed in the late 13th century as a fortified building. In the 14th century it got a reputation as a "ladies' castle", and has been home to six mediaeval Queens of England. There were many architectural improvements made by Henry VIII, and in 1552 it was granted to Sir Anthony St Leger, whose successors built a Jacobean house on the larger island. In the 16th century, the castle was Gothicised by the sixth Lord Fairfax; a formal garden was constructed in the 17th century. Purchased by Lady Baillie in 1926, it later housed a collection of antiques. The castle had been previously used in film and television series, such as the movie *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

Late in the afternoon, the Part Three scene showing Romana escaping on Grendel's charger was filmed in the castle courtyard, with Gibbs again doubling Tamm. The night shoot began after dinner at 9.00pm; the first few scenes were devoted to the rapier duel, including Walsh's leap from the curtain wall of the castle into the moat. The remaining scenes showed Zadek's group waiting for the gates to open and then overpowering Grendel's guards. Hayes provided the cast with a bottle of whiskey to keep them warm, but Lack slipped over and broke it. The resulting laughter was quite loud, and Hayes was worried it would disturb the inhabitants of the castle. The shoot ended around 2.30am.

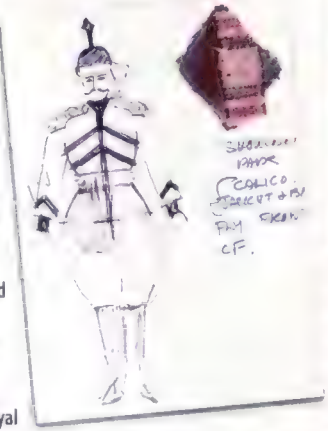
Lois Baxter, playing Madame Lamia, joined the team on Thursday 27; Hayes had used Baxter previously, on both *Z Cars* and *Barlow at Large*. Several Parts Three and Four sequences originally planned for studio – Romana's escape, plus the wedding party in the castle cellars – were filmed. Sequences at the Pavilion of the Summer Winds were shot in the summer sunshine; Baxter wore a protective vest under her costume when a flash charge was detonated during her death scene, and Gibbs again doubled for Tamm in the horseriding scenes. The final shot that day was an establishing image of the Palace of Tara and its city, as seen from the woods; this called for a glass matte painting.

COSTUME DESIGN Doreen James

Doreen James had been a costume assistant on earlier *Doctor Who*s (including *Genesis of the Daleks*), but *The Androids of Tara* would be her first serial as a full designer.

In David Fisher's script for Part One, companion Romana was described as wearing a "long, elegant flowing gown" which was the fashion on Tara. Knowing that Romana was required to ride a horse during the course of the adventure, James had originally designed an outfit in heavy tweeds, but later worked with actress Mary Tamm to develop something outlandish and royal in Tamm's favourite colours, purple and turquoise.

Costumes for the Prince's loyal retainers, Farrah and Swordmaster Zadek, were also outlined in Fisher's scripts: the former was "a tall figure wearing an ornate helmet – vaguely similar to a 1914 uhlan helmet, but with an ornate face mask attached" and the latter "tall, about 50, moustachioed and/or bearded, and wearing an ornate uniform".



Tom Baker – plus co-star Mini Driver

Leeds Castle was closed again on Friday 28, allowing the crew greater use of the main building in the morning and early afternoon. The scenes showing K9 scanning Castle Gracht from the moat in Part Two were filmed first; here, the sound recordist fell into the water accidentally. Grendel and Romana's arrival in the courtyard in Part One was filmed next. This scene involved Declan Mulholland (who had appeared in *The Sea Devils*) playing Till, now a hunchback rather than a dwarf; Mulholland wore a latex make-up to distort his right eye. After lunch, shots of the departure of Grendel's men for the Pavilion in Part Three were dropped from the schedule: three other insert shots were filmed instead, the first two being glass matte shots of Leeds Castle to give it extra turrets and spires in shots establishing Castle Gracht in Parts One and Two, and the last being shots of the countryside to be seen via the TARDIS scanner screen.

Rehearsals for the studio recordings began at the BBC Acton Rehearsal Rooms on Thursday 3 August, the same day that the serial's Drama Early Warning Synopsis was issued. The cast were joined by Cyril Shaps as the Archimandrite; Shaps had previously appeared in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *The Ambassadors of Death* and *Planet of the Spiders*. During rehearsals, the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society staged its second convention, PanoptiCon 78, at Imperial College London, over Saturday 12 and Sunday 13. Gaining considerable coverage in the press (notably in *The Sun* and the *Daily Mirror*), this was attended by Baker, Williams and Read, as well as John Leeson, who provided K9's voice. Tamm was apparently in Athens with fellow actress Jenny Runacre, attempting to recover fees they had been promised for the film *The Doubt*.

Studio recording for the serial began with a two-day session in Television Centre Studio 6 on Monday 14 August; recording on this first day ran between 2.30 and 5.30pm in the afternoon, and from 8.00 to 10.00pm in the evening. The TARDIS scenes were taped first, with Tamm wearing her outfit from *The*

'Anthony Hope was quite right – if you've got a really great villain, let him go free!'

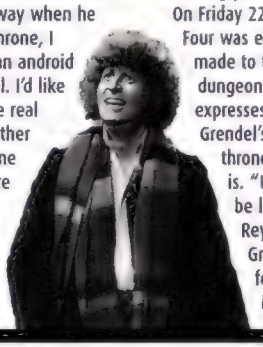
David Fisher

Mary Tamm, dressed as Strella, with Jason on the Dungeon set

EDITING Cut scenes

The Androids of Tara Part One was edited on Monday 11 September, and then re-edited with some minor trims to some film sequences on Saturday 16 September. Part Two was edited on Sunday 17, and later restructured slightly on Monday 2 October. The main trim was the end of the scene where Farrah asked the Doctor if K9 was a good hunting dog; "You wouldn't be interested in selling him, would you?" asks Farrah, to which the Doctor replies "Ask him." The establishing shot of the Palace of Tara was dropped from the start of the next scene.

Part Three was edited on Thursday 21 September and Sunday 8 October, with two cuts made. The first scene had its conclusion removed: Farrah asks the Doctor if really knew that 'Strella' was an android, to which the Doctor replies: "I knew it wasn't Romana, and when I saw the Count move away when he was close to the throne, I guessed she was an android programmed to kill. I'd like to knew where the real Romana is." The other cut was to the scene in the Palace where Zadek says they need to keep the android going for an audience with the Archimandrite. The Doctor promises that 'George' "will acquit himself right royally with the priesthood. So long as the chat doesn't go on for too long . . . Then there'll be a flash, a lot of smoke and a nasty smell of burning plastic . . ."



On Friday 22 September, Part Four was edited, with a cut made to the end of an early dungeon scene. Romana expresses how monstrous Grendel's plan to attain the throne via two marriages is. "Unfortunately it will be legal," adds Reynart, "And Count Grendel is a stickler for legality – when it's on his side."

Ribos Operation for the opening sequences. The TARDIS wardrobe was seen to be just outside the inner door, and the usual CSO screen was used for the insertion of the film showing Tara's countryside. Recording was planned so that Tamm could change into her Taran gear while the K9 scenes for Part Two were shot; Romana's seeking K9's approval of her outfit was a late addition. Scenes in the Android Surgery were taped next, Part Three material being recorded first; the sequence where Romana sees her own android double was performed twice, with a locked-off camera allowing Tamm to appear on both sides of a split screen. These shots were supervised by electronic effects expert 'Mitch' Mitchell, who had used a similar technique on *The Mike Yarwood Show*. The scenes for Parts One and Two were then taped; the bed had restraints which swung out over Tamm and the set included three monochrome monitors displaying oscilloscope traces of alpha waves.

The Part Three shots in a Room in the Palace were taped next; during these, Tamm changed costumes to then appear in Princess Strella's formal wear, whereupon all her scenes were recorded for Parts Two to Four. The dungeon scenes with both Strella and Romana were recorded at the end of the evening, again requiring two takes and a double for Tamm in some shots, plus the split-screen effect.

More larking about in Maidstone

Tuesday 15 adopted the more usual recording pattern of 2.30 to 5.15pm, then 7.30 to 10pm, which was used for the rest of the serial. The day's work centred on the dungeon where Reynart is held plus the corridor outside for scenes in Parts Two and Three and the start of Part Four (*ie*, scenes with Romana in her Taran outfit prior to she and Reynart donning wedding robes). The evening ended with the sequences in the Ante-Chamber and the adjoining Coronation Room which bridged Parts Two and Three; as specified in Fisher's script, the Ante-Chamber was dominated by a 16-segment clock covered with new zodiacal signs. Hayes encouraged Jeffrey to overplay the scene where Grendel tries out the throne in the manner of Laurence Olivier's Richard III. The long speech of loyalty made by the Strella android required several takes; on one occasion Tamm's headgear started to slip while on another (later included on the BBC's internal compilation of out-takes, *White Powder Christmas*), the actress muddled her lines – and "loyally" (rather than "humbly") offered her "loyalty".

Rehearsals recommenced on Thursday 17. A late script change was made to Part Four: originally, when the Count escorts Romana and Reynart from the dungeon, Romana was to remark that he hasn't even brought her a wedding present; Grendel, however, says that he has, returning the fourth segment – Romana's "stone" – to her. Unfortunately, he will not let her take it with her to the wedding, leaving it in the dungeon – where the Doctor later recovers it, chiding Romana.

Studio TC1 was the venue for recording on Monday 28 and Tuesday 29 August. The first scenes taped included the revised scenes showing the Doctor and Romana in the surgery corridor, before the Part Four scenes with Reynart and Romana in wedding garb were recorded on the dungeon and adjacent corridor sets. After this came the serial's set piece – the duel between Grendel and the Doctor – with the scenes in the Great Hall. Once again doubling for Jeffrey, Walsh arranged the swordfight carefully in association with Baker and Hayes. The fight was recorded shot-by-shot, with many inserts taped.

'Tom and I hit it off from the word go. He was constantly creative, always full of ideas'

Michael Hayes

Tuesday 29 began with all the scenes in the Hunting Lodge, with Baker and Lavers now making a great many ad-libs; Baker decided, for instance, that the Doctor would beat Reynart's offer of one thousand gold pieces down to 500, rather than raising it to 3000 as scripted. The split-screen effect was again used as the android 'George' retires in Part One. Lavers commented on script changes necessary for these scenes, which had originally been planned for the Palace Room set in Parts Three and Four. Walsh doubled for Jeffrey in the insert shot where Grendel hurls a spear at a dummy of 'George' (the dummy being set to explode on cue); Walsh then jumped over the banisters. For the start of Part Four, Jason took over from the dummy, with a fake spear shaft attached to his chest. The tunnel scenes in Part Two were recorded next. Taping concluded with the Part Three Pavilion scenes (at the start of which a stagehand got into vision, pulling the door shut behind the Doctor). Baker ad-libbed his repeated "Where's Romana?" comment. Part of the set wall was rigged to burn through in an arch through which the Doctor and K9 effect their escape. Recording over-ran by five minutes with the transfer to tape of the film sequences.

Gallery effects were added at a session in TC1 on Sunday 3 September. These included: the flashes from the electro-rapiers and crossbows: K9's red burning and blasting beam: and the blue ray from the fake Romana. Unlike other serials, the opening titles showed the episode number before the writer credit.

As usual, incidental music was provided by Dudley Simpson, who was booked retrospectively for Serials 5C to 5F on Friday 29 September. Hayes very much enjoyed working with Simpson, who used a harpsichord to gain a medi-

aeval feel, plus organ music for the coronation and wedding sequences; Simpson also used his theme for Baker's Doctor during the Pavilion and watergate scenes in Parts Three and Four. Music recording took place at Lime Grove Studios on Thursday 28 September for Parts One and Two and on Thursday 5 October for Parts Three and Four; the complete score ran to around 35 minutes duration. The episodes were dubbed for transmission on Monday 2, Tuesday 3, Tuesday 17 and Wednesday 18 October; promotional material for the serial was issued on Monday 16 October.

The Androids of Tara began transmission on BBC1 two days after *Doctor Who*'s 15th anniversary. In the week leading up to broadcast, *Doctor Who* featured in Richard Stilgoe's satirical show *And Now the Good News* on Monday 20 November; Tom Baker and original producer Verity Lambert were interviewed for Radio 4's *Today* on Wednesday 22; Baker and Tamm appeared on *Nationwide* the same day; and *Blue Peter* included a feature on the anniversary itself. A session group called Mankind had also released a disco version of the series' theme and appeared performing it on *Top of the Pops* on Thursday 30 November. On Tuesday 12 December, the *Daily Express* contained a feature on the show's anniversary with comments from both Williams and Read's successor, Douglas Adams. On Saturday 16 December, the *Daily Mirror* promoted the following night's episode of ITC's *Return of the Saint*, *The Debt Collectors*, which guest-starred Tamm; in an interview, Tamm said she had been asked to work on another series of *Doctor Who*, but had not yet decided whether or not she would.

Airing in the dark winter months, *The Androids of Tara* saw an improvement in audience size and good audience appreciation figures; its competition was *Bruce Forsyth's Big Night*, a major disaster for the ITV network which had been shifted back to commence at 6.00pm. The following summer, *The Androids of Tara* was one of two *Doctor Who*s repeated on BBC1 (excepting the BBC Cymru region). As it turned out, growing industrial disputes at ITV blacked out the commercial stations completely before broadcast of Part Two. With the competition of ATV's *Sapphire & Steel* removed, *The Androids of Tara* achieved larger audiences for its summer repeat than it had on its original broadcast.

Australia purchased the serial in March 1979, screening it later that year with a repeat in the late 1980s; New Zealand broadcast it in July 1980 with a repeat in January 1988; Canada and the USA purchased the story in 1981, where *The Androids of Tara* also airs as a 92-minute compilation.

Terrance Dicks novelised Fisher's scripts as *Doctor Who and the Androids of Tara*, reinstating some of the cut material. With a cover from Andrew Skilleter, the book was released in hardback by WH Allen and in paperback by Target in April 1980. UK Gold screened the serial episodically in March 1994 with compilation broadcasts airing from May 1994 onwards. The BBC retain D3 copies of the original two-inch 625-line videotapes for the serial, which was issued by BBC Video in May 1995 with a cover painting by Colin Howard. DWM

A wig finish for the Strella droid

SERIAL 5D THE ANDROIDS OF TARA

CAST Tom Baker *Doctor Who* with Mary Tamm* *Romana*, Peter Jeffrey *Count Grendel*, Simon Lack *Zadek*, Neville Jason† *Prince Reynart*, Paul Lavers *Farrah*, Lois Baxter *Lamia* [1-3], Declan Mulholland *Till* [1,3-4], John Leeson *Voice of K9*, Cyril Shaps *Archimandrite* [2-4], Martin Matthews *Kurster* [2-4].
*Also plays Princess Strella in Parts Two and Four, an android duplicate of Strella in Parts Two and Three and an android duplicate of Romana in Part Three
†Also plays android duplicate 'George'

EXTRAS Ray Lavender *Bear*; Peter Roy, Derek Chafer *Gracht Guards*; Peter Roy *Zadek's Guard*; Rodney Cardiff, Gus Roy, Steve Ismay, Derek Suthern, Tony Snell, Mike Mungarvan *Gracht Guards*; Reg Woods, Walter Turner, Tony O'Leary *Palace Guards*; Jay McGrath, Ronald Gregory *Priests*; Barbara Bernel, Iris Rongier, Angela Delaney, Helen Garton, Christine Cole, Eunice Bennett, Delphine Auchterlonie *Court Ladies*; Denis Jennings, Victor Renol, Charles Adey-Grey, Kyle Adair, George Romanov, Lincoln Wright, Raymon St Clair, Harold Horsham, Bill Whitehead, Philip Webb, Roy Seeley, Evan Ross, Brychon Powell, Peter Whittacker, James O'Neill, Michael Moore, Jimmy Mac, James Delaney, Vernon Drake, Richard Atherton, Alan Troy, Trevor Wedlock *Nobles*; Roberta Gibbs *Stunt Double for Romana*; Ray Lavender *Zadek's Commander*; Steve Ismay, Derek Suthern, Gus Roy *Zadek's Guards*; Terry Walsh *Stunt Double for Doctor Who/Stunt Double for Count Grendel*.

CREDITS *Written by* David Fisher. *Fight Arranger* Terry Walsh [4]. *Incidental Music by* Dudley Simpson. *Special Sound* Dick Mills. *Production Assistant* Teresa-Mary Winders. *Production Unit Manager* John Nathan-Turner. *Film Cameraman* John Walker. *Film Recordist* Don Lee. *Film Editor* David Yates. *Visual Effects Designer* Len Hutton. *Electronic Effects Operator* AJ Mitchell. *Videotape Editor* Alan Goddard. *Costume Designer* Doreen James. *Make-up Artist* Jill Hagger. *Studio Lighting* Brian Clemmett. *Studio Sound* Richard Chubb. *Script Editor* Anthony Read. *Designer* Valerie Warrender. *Producer* Graham Williams. *Directed by* Michael Hayes. *BBC © 1978*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One	25 November 1978	6.20-6.45pm	24'53"	8.5M (45th)	-
Part Two	2 December 1978	6.20-6.45pm	24'27"	10.1M (30th)	65
Part Three	9 December 1978	6.20-6.45pm	23'52"	8.9M (38th)	-
Part Four	16 December 1978	6.20-6.45pm	24'49"	9.0M (45th)	66
REPEATS*					
Part One	9 August 1979	6.55-7.20pm	24'53"	6.2M (49th)	-
Part Two	16 August 1979	6.55-7.20pm	24'27"	10.4M (43rd)	-
Part Three	23 August 1979	6.55-7.20pm	23'52"	10.5M (43rd)	-
Part Four	30 August 1979	6.55-7.20pm	24'49"	9.6M (41st)	-

*Not BBC Cymru

WILLIAM HARTNELL
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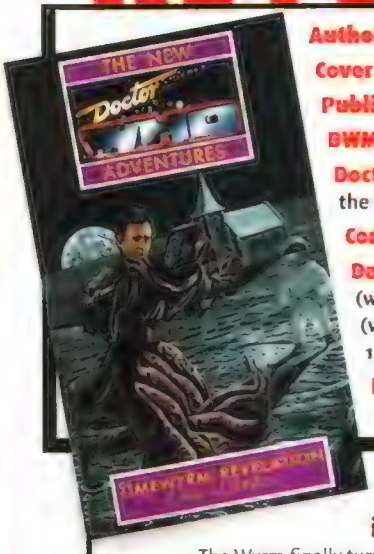
Everything you ever needed to know about . . .

TIMEWYRM: REVELATION

compiled by **Matt Wicks**



Author Paul Cornell

Cover artwork Andrew Skilleter

Publication December 1991

DWM review 181

Doctors Seventh, with cameo appearances by the First, the Third, the Fourth and the Fifth

Companions Ace

Dates 20 December 1992 to January 1993; the 22nd century (when the Doctor takes the baby that will become Ishtar); 2018 (when he places an advert in the *New Musical Express*); and 1976 (when Peter and Emily meet in Greenwich Park)

Locations Gallifrey, the village of Cheldon Bonniface and the Moon

The plot in 25 words

The Wyrm finally turns. Ace gets a brick in the head, suffocates and calls home. The Doctor has an archetypal headache and goes to church.

Old friends The one-eyed Gallifreyan hermit is possibly some form of K'anpo Rimpoche (see *Planet of the Spiders*); Lieutenant Rupert Hemmings (*Timewyrm: Exodus*); shades of Katarina, Sara and Adric; and memories of Daleks, Silurians, UNIT soldiers, Time Lords, Omega, Cheetah People, Ace's mum and Manisha. The Brigadier almost makes an appearance in a TV studio.

New friends Ernest Trelaw (the vicar of St Christopher's) and Saul (the voice in the rafters); Peter and Emily Hutchings (respectable members of society whose desire for a baby is so acute they get a goddess); Chad Boyle (the ultimate delinquent); plus baby Ishtar.

Other voyages The First Doctor attended Saul's baptism in 1853, having left his companions in the village. He has visited Saul and Ernest on many occasions, most recently with Mel. He attended a party in his Sixth incarnation at which Peter and Emily were also present. King Wen gave him the *I Ching* in return for some help he rendered him. He remembers meeting Sherlock Holmes (his recall being somewhat at odds with the later *All-consuming Fire*).

In the few days since *Timewyrm: Apocalypse*, the Doctor and Ace have been to a pub (The Rose of Lee) in 1977 Lewisham, to Rome in 1582 and to the Eye of Orion. They once attended a costume party in Edwardian High Barnet, and visited Greenwich together.

Along for the ride Ace attended St Benedict's school in Perivale, where she was bullied by Chad Boyle and dreamed of being an astronaut. The school took her on a trip to Longleat. She had her first kiss outside a youth club when she was 13. By 14, she had a major crush on the musician Johnny Chess (possibly the son of Ian Chesterton and Barbara Wright; see *Goth Opera*). She started going for drinks at the Brixton Academy and once thought about stealing a book on explosives from a London bookshop, but didn't go through with it. She hitched to a thrash metal concert in Morecambe and, on another occasion, went dancing in front of a big Hoover factory with her friends, after which Manisha was breathalysed. On Iceworld, she had a sexual relationship with Glitz (*Dragonfire*). Her blood group is O.

Rough guide The Prydonian Academy was on the slopes of Mount Cadon, which is Gallifrey's highest peak. Beautiful flowers known as Sarlains grow there.

The parallel Earth in *Inferno* was ruled by a man who had the same face as one of those the Doctor was offered in *The War Games* – suggesting that he was, in fact, an alternate Third Doctor (see also *The Face of the Enemy*).

Other notes Saul is a presence which inhabits St Christopher's; the church was built around him. He has existed at least since Celtic times when he was known as Cernwn, the spirit of the hill. He was befriended by the first Reverend Trelaw (Ernest's great-grandfather) and was baptised in 1853.

Cheldon Bonniface is said to be near Stockbridge – as seen in many **DWM** strips (for example *The Tides of Time*, **DWM**s 61-68; first appearance possibly in *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion*, **DWW** 1-8).

When a Time Lord regenerates his personality is stored in his memory before it is transferred to the Matrix; the Doctor's head, however, only contains five of his previous selves – the Sixth is missing. He is referred to as *Ka Faraq Gatri* (Bringer of Darkness or Destroyer of Worlds) by the Daleks (as per the novelisation of *Remembrance of the Daleks*). He stole a portable temporal link from the Prydonians' black collection during *The Invasion of Time*.

The Horns of Rassilon – a sign to ward off evil – is made with two fingers of the left hand.

When Gallifrey first discovered time travel there was a lot of internal strife (see the next novel, *Cat's Cradle: Time's Crucible*). One traveller voyaged forward in history to witness the Blue Shift when the Timewyrm destroyed Rassilon and Fenric was freed from its chains to cause a huge war. The Timewyrm is known as Hel in Norse mythology and as *Golyan Ak Tana* (the Twister of Paths) to the Daleks.

Ace recalls the moment in *Timewyrm: Genesys* when she remembered some of Mel's experiences in *Paradise Towers*; this, it seems, was a temporary result of losing her memory and then regaining it at the beginning of *Genesys*.

Timewyrm: Revelation was originally a six-part serial entitled *Total Eclipse* first published in 1980s fanzine *Queen Bat*. It was nominated for the Arthur C Clarke Award.

Inside the TARDIS Ace's room contains lights which respond as she wakes up. We see the console room, the swimming pool, the gym, the wardrobe room and the door of the Doctor's room. The Cloister Bell tolls.

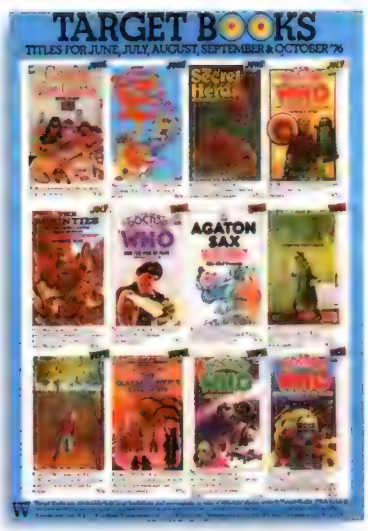
Quotable quotes "But just because people aren't real doesn't mean that you can't talk to them."

The Doctor: "You live in paradise, you start to wonder who empties the bins." **DWM**

'The book shows us Ace's final metamorphosis from awkward young girl into a mature, sophisticated young woman' *Off the Shelf, DWM 181*

Swallowed whole

Continuing the unexpurgated story of the Target novelisations, David J Howe encounters predators in the publishing industry . . .



Target Books launched its first three *Doctor Who* titles – new editions of 1960s books – in May 1973, by which time editor Richard Henwood already had a further six titles in preparation; publication of Target's first two original novelisations was scheduled for January 1974.

When he'd first arrived at the Universal-Tandem Publishing Company in 1972 to set up the Target list, Henwood was on his own – there had been no budget for an assistant. In 1973, however, he was joined by Elizabeth Godfray, a 22 year-old graduate. According to Henwood, Universal-Tandem's Managing Director Ralph Stokes, backed his choice of Elizabeth as his assistant "principally because he liked the 'funny hat' she wore at her interview. He was like that. Very instinctive . . ."

"I was PA and secretary for Richard," says Godfray, "and I also worked with the art director, Brian Boyle, and really just kept an eye on everything. I also did a lot of copy editing and desk editing of the books. They hardly needed anything doing to them, as the writers were so good. Richard and I were situated in the basement at 14 Gloucester Road doing the children's publishing, and it was all very nice – even if we never saw the sun!"

The first original novels were published in January 1974. Like the first three titles, Terrance Dicks' *Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion* and Malcolm Hulke's *Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters* (based on the television stories *Spearhead From Space* and *Doctor Who and the Silurians*) did not meet with critical acclaim – so far as *The Times Literary Supplement* was concerned, at least: "William Mayne once said that fantasy is just a tool of the trade, and the same remark applies to the best of science fiction: when it ceases to be that, SF can be tedious for the unaddicted," wrote an unknown reviewer on July 5 1974, going on to say that the two new titles were "strictly for addicts . . . books designed to hold the attention by putting the 'goodies' in danger on nearly every page; no time is wasted on such irrelevancies as characterisation, description, or realistic dialogue. Nor is there any attempt to explain how any of the electronic hardware actually works. No Daleks, either, to liven up the proceedings by eradicating everyone in sight. The illustrations are dreadful: it's all done better on television."

It could be argued, however, that the books were never intended to be appreciated for their literary merits, or otherwise – and that the views of tens of thousands of happy readers were far more important. Margery Fisher, distinguished editor of the children's book journal, *Growing Point*, was rather more positive: "I do recommend the two *Doctor Who* stories [*Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion* and *Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters* . . . The TV series] really is good popular entertainment, with the written word coming out top beyond any doubt." Perhaps more important, especially considering the ultimate longevity of the range, were the views of fans of the TV show. Publication of these two books was covered by teenage fan Keith Miller in the *Doctor Who* fan club newsletter – which was being run with the support of the *Doctor Who* office at the BBC.

Miller was very impressed: "I liked the prologue where the Doctor in his guise as Pat Troughton is banished to Earth. I think this interpretation of the TV series *Spearhead From Space* was very good indeed . . . The highlight of the book, I think, was near the ending and its climax where the Autons smashed through the shop windows to occupy London. The invasion itself was taken into more detail in the book, with details of how even the government reacted. This is one advantage the book has over the TV series." Miller also approved of writer Malcolm Hulke's decision to relate some of the events in *Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters* through the eyes of one of his reptilian humanoids. "In my opinion, chapter 8, *Into an Alien World* was the best, with it being written from Morka's point of view . . . the story was average, which was hardly surprising as the TV series was run of the mill too, but the ending was good with the Doctor's disapproval of the caves being blown up."

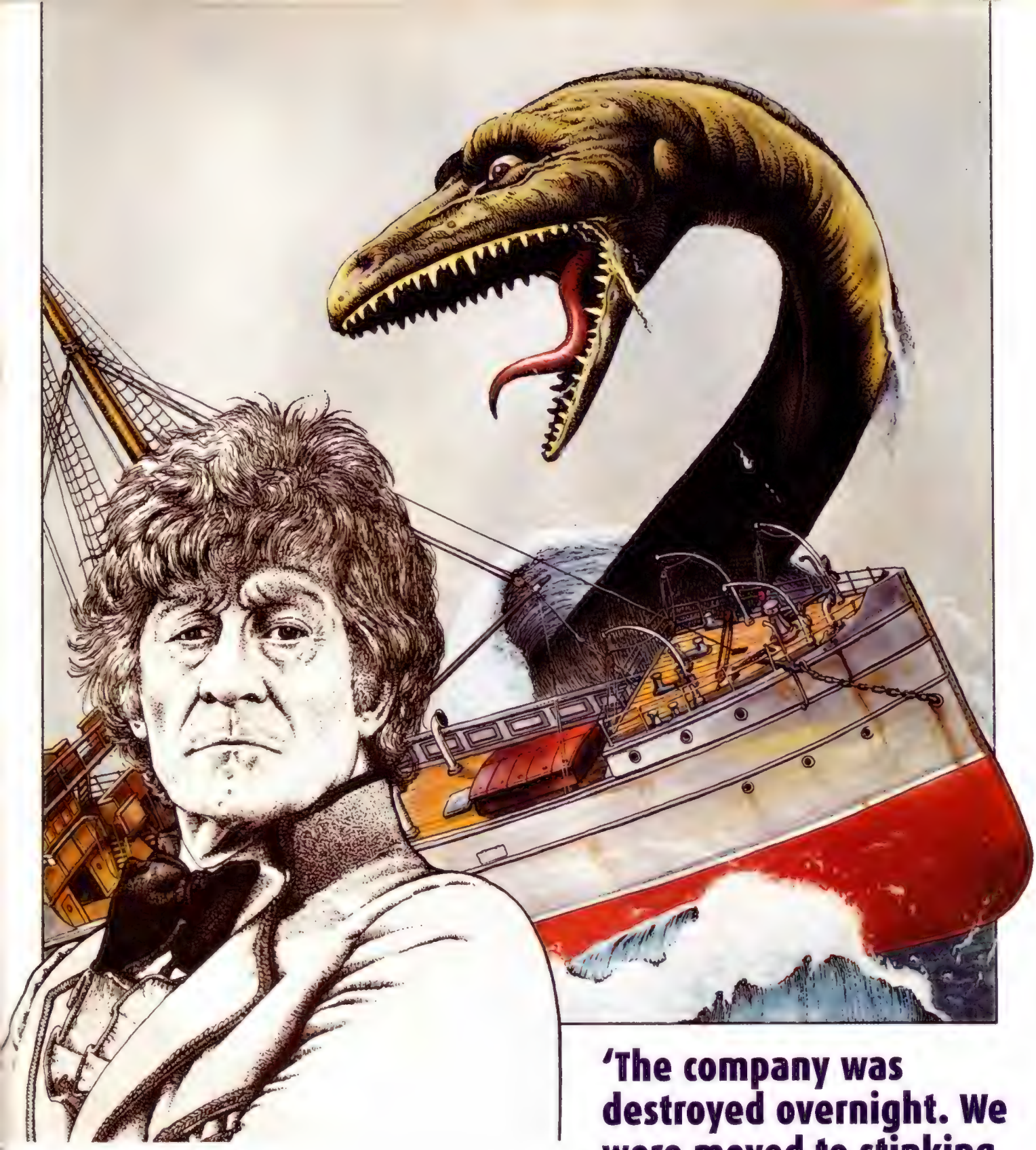
Richard Henwood left Universal-Tandem in May 1974, moving to Thomas Nelson to become editorial director of its children's division – by when he had 18 *Doctor Who* titles either already published or at various stages in the process. Henwood recalls that going to Thomas Nelson was like "walking into the first harsh, cold winds of corporate publishing. I was immediately appointed to some four committees! It was all bureaucratic, hateful. Universal-Tandem was at the very opposite extreme: somewhat amateurish, laid-back, fun and above all human. There's little of that in publishing these days. I was lucky to be there."

Henwood's successor as editor of the Target range was Michael Glover – who had actually taken over from Henwood when the latter left Scholastic Publishing to join Universal-Tandem! Recognising the strength of the *Doctor Who* titles, Glover made plans to release even more. Given that all the *Doctor Who* titles had quickly sold out of their initial print runs and had been reprinted several times, this was a sound and straightforward decision.

Elizabeth Godfray recalls that: "Michael and Richard were totally different people. Richard was a real gentleman, an eccentric in his own way. He had very singular

'The illustrations are dreadful – it's all done better on television!'

This spread: *Doctor Who and the Carnival of Monsters*, by Chris Achilleos



'The company was destroyed overnight. We were moved to stinking rotten Hammersmith'

views on all sorts of things, but quite charming. Totally committed to the job and the books and no question of it. Michael was perhaps less commercial. He was a more literary person. Very clever. It's not surprising he didn't stay very long as he was always destined for greater things. I guess he learned a lot in that short time at Target and he worked very hard.

"When Richard left, I remember Michael complaining vociferously about the offices in the basement at Gloucester Road, and we were moved out to somewhere near South Kensington underground station. I recall we were constantly trekking back and forth to the Gloucester Road offices. I'm sure that's because Michael didn't want to work in the basement offices but also that the Target range had grown too big for those premises."

Capitalising on the winning formula established for the first three books, artist Chris Achilleos was asked to provide covers for the new titles, and this eventually stretched into a run of nine paintings. "As it took me at least a week to do each one, it was taking up too much of my time," he recalled. "I didn't have time to do the other commissions that were coming in, so I told them that I wanted to stop doing them."

In order to try and spread the load a little, Brian Boyle turned to an artist named Peter Brookes, who, like Achilleos, had previously worked with Boyle on Universal-Tandem titles in the early 1970s. Brookes completed four covers for the range: *Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*, *Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons*, *Doctor Who and the Green Death* and *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders*.

Frontier in Space: novelisation *The Space War* was condemned for altering the TV finale

Above: one of the many Target Books sales catalogues issued between 1974 and 1976. Facing page, centre: artist Peter Brookes' original pencil sketches of the covers to *Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons* and *Doctor Who and the Green Death*. Note the use of the Third Doctor's face in the logo

"I was working on several covers for Brian," explained Brookes, who today is the political cartoonist for *The Times*. "These were a part of a series of commissions, and I did them as they came in."

Brookes believes that he may have been asked to do the *Doctor Who* covers because he had also been working for the *Radio Times*, and had completed several small pieces of *Doctor Who* artwork for them – to accompany the programme listings for the 11th season – as well as a colour illustration for the 1973 *Radio Times Doctor Who Special* magazine, a two-page spread showing the first three Doctors 'regenerating' into each other. "I have never been all that interested in science fiction and fantasy," he says, "and I rather suspect that I asked not to be given any more *Doctor Who* work after those four covers. Chris Achilleos was far better suited to it than I was. As far as I recall, the covers were done in a pseudo-Frank Bellamy style, but aside from that I was pretty much left alone – Brian would have asked me in the first place because he knew I would come up with something suitable without needing lots of hand-holding and explanations."

All the cover artwork was sent to the BBC for approval – and the last of Brookes' commissions, *Planet of the Spiders*, was the only one of his to receive adverse comment. On seeing Brookes' rough sketch on 1 May 1975, Philip Hinchcliffe, who had taken over producing TV *Doctor Who* from Barry Letts during 1974, remarked that the likeness of Tom Baker in a small sequence of 'regeneration' images at the bottom of the cover image was very poor. As a result, a photograph was supplied and the artwork amended accordingly. Hinchcliffe was also concerned at the use of older Doctors on the covers, when Tom Baker was the Doctor on television. This led to the book covers tending to only feature an image of the Doctor when the book concerned was a Fourth Doctor adventure; stories from other Doctors' eras featured elements other than the lead character. With the publication of *Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*, the design of the covers was changed to include an adaptation of the television show's diamond logo, rather than the black block capital type which had been used to that point. This was to tie the books more closely to the TV series – and, with TV ratings continuing to rise, was seen to be a sensible move. An initial idea to feature the Doctor's face within the *Doctor Who* logo was dropped after only one book, however.

The remaining books released through 1974 and 1975 were mainly Third Doctor stories: *Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks* (Terrance Dicks); *Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon* [*Colony in Space*] (Malcolm Hulke); *Doctor Who and the Dæmons* (Barry Letts); *Doctor Who and the Sea-Devils* (Malcolm Hulke); *Doctor Who and the Abominable Snowmen* (Terrance Dicks); *Doctor Who and the Curse of Peladon* (Brian Hayles); *Doctor Who and the Cybermen* [*The Moonbase*] (Gerry Davis); *Doctor Who and the Giant Robot* [*Robot*] (Terrance Dicks); *Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons* (Terrance Dicks); *Doctor Who and the Green Death* (Malcolm Hulke); *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders* (Terrance Dicks); and *Doctor Who: The Three Doctors* (Terrance Dicks).

Reaction to these titles from Keith Miller was, on the whole, favourable, with certain titles being positively raved about: "Wow! What a superb version of *Colony in Space* . . . it was good the way that Malcolm kept referring back to life on Earth, the terrible conditions, the way you had to pay to get sunshine, how every inch of the ground had been built upon and so on . . . Good touch when Ashe remembered 'the terrifying creatures space travellers had found over the centuries – Monoids, Drahvins . . . Daleks' . . . All in all I think it is the best original Target have brought out"; "[*Doctor Who and the Curse of Peladon*] is very well written by Brian Hayles . . . One thing that was never in the series, mainly because it was so hard to do, was Alpha Centauri's colour change every time he/she/it got confused or frightened . . . Next to *The Doomsday Weapon* this is one of my favourite Target originals"; "As [*Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*] follows the TV prog word for word, this review is a waste of time . . . But I think the [cover] illustration . . . lacks the finesse of Achilleos, and yet somehow reflects what the programme is today. The drawing of Sarah is terrible!"; and, finally, "Wot an 'orrible cover [*Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons*]. Come

'They hold the attention by putting the goodies in danger on nearly every page'

Those Target book covers in full . . .

Month by month, this handy visual guide will help bring the Target range to life! Only first editions and reprints with new jacket illustrations are shown, alongside month of publication, original price, (w)riter and (a)rtist. This issue: November 1977 to December 1980.

Doctor Who and the Talons of Weng-Chiang
11/77 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

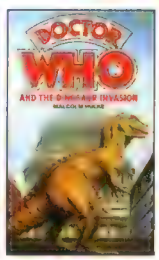
Doctor Who and the Masque of Mandragora 12/77 60p
w Philip Hinchcliffe
a Mike Little

Doctor Who and the Face of Evil
1/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who and the Horror of Fang Rock
3/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who: The Three Doctors
4/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who and the Tomb of the Cybermen
5/78 60p
w Gerry Davis
a Jeff Cummins



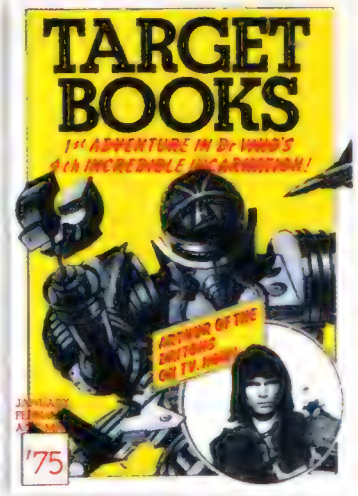
Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion
6/78 60p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who and the Time Warrior
6/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who: Death to the Daleks
7/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Roy Knipe

back Chris Achilleos . . .” (After Brookes’ run of four covers, Achilleos did indeed return to complete a further 16 covers – his final contribution being the May 1977 release *Doctor Who and the Ark in Space*.)

In the year following the Target launch, Universal-Tandem found itself doing better and better. Unfortunately, this growth, and the positive view that the publishing industry had of the company, meant that it was seen as a potentially lucrative acquisition by others. There was also another element to consider: as the fortunes of Universal-Tandem in the UK grew, so those of the parent company, the Universal Publishing and Distribution Corporation in New York, started to slide.



Brian Miles, Universal-Tandem’s Sales Director, remembers the situation well: “Tandem was growing in this country with our own lists, as well as the lists we were importing from America and elsewhere. We were also handling distribution for various other smaller companies. We were bombing along, and doing very well. But as we were going up, the Americans were going down.

“Robert and Arnold Abramson in America saw their empire dissolve. Their magazine sales were falling, their paperback side was dismal. They didn’t have the right editorial strength, they wouldn’t invest any money, they were going for the quick fix all the time. They were on their way out. What made it worse was that every month they drew from Tandem a £10,000 management fee – and when they came over here, they always stayed at the Savoy and we picked up the bill. They were draining money from us as fast as we could make it.”

The scene was set for another company to take centre stage. In 1975, Howard and Wyndham was a successful ‘glamour’ publishers. Through its publishing arm, WH Allen, it had released a biography of Eric Morecambe and Ernie Wise – at the time Britain’s top TV comedians – and was working its way through numerous other showbiz people.

“They were doing very well on many fronts,” frowns Miles. “However, they’d launched a paperback imprint of their own called Star Books, which wasn’t doing well. They could see that we were doing well and they took us. It wasn’t said to me directly but I think the Abramsons decided to get out of publishing altogether. Someone earned a ‘finders’ fee for bringing Howard and Wyndham and Universal-Tandem together. The takeover came about because the New York parent company wanted to capitalise on their investment.”

Howard and Wyndham made a takeover of the Allan Wingate hardback list, plus the Tandem and Target paperback lists, by acquiring all the share capital in the company for £100,000 cash in early April 1975. A contemporaneous report in *The Bookseller* explained that the intention was to maintain the editorial policies and staffs of both the Tandem and Star imprints as separate entities, and Ralph Stokes was offered a place on the board of WH Allen. Meanwhile, a new company called Tandem Publishing Ltd was created to handle the combined paperback publishing side. From the latter half of 1976, however, the publisher was listed as Wyndham Publications Ltd.

Although the *Doctor Who* schedule was largely unaffected by these changes, the people from Universal-Tandem felt very aggrieved. “I left in May 1976,” said Miles. “I was so sick of publishing having seen what Howard and Wyndham were doing, that I decided to move away from it entirely, and I went to work for my brother who was supplying first aid products to industry.”

Miles eventually returned to publishing and later took great pleasure – as its Sales Director – in seeing Grandreams publishing house go from virtually nothing to a multi-million pound company. He still harbours a lot of ill feeling regarding the take-over: “Tandem was literally destroyed overnight. Everyone involved in the success of the earlier company left or was sacked. Ralph Stokes, whose place on the WH Allen board was a myth – he was given an office and then ignored totally – also left. We had been moved to stinking rotten offices in King Street by Hammersmith Broadway . . . it was a dreadful time for everyone.”

The King Street offices were not ideal; entered through

Terror in the Twenty-second Century

Dave Owen continues his re-reading of the Target books in order

Terrance Dicks’ latterday reputation as a novelisation machine, capable of turning nearly a dozen scripts a year into slim volumes, simply doesn’t apply when examining his first few *Doctor Who* books; for many, actually viewing the stories they were based on is a cruel disappointment. His debut, *Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion*, contains not only a rich translation of TV writer Robert Holmes’ colourful characters, but also includes extended sequences (the three-page depiction of the dawn of the Auton invasion, or Corporal Forbes’ battle with a killer Auton *en route* to UNIT HQ).

He’s still on form for *Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks* – giving the story an original prologue, *Terror in the Twenty-second Century*, in which the resistance cell gathers amid the Dalek-occupied Earth. A few stock phrases of later years emerge, too; for the first time, the Time Vortex is “that mysterious void where Time and Space are one”. By *Doctor Who and the Abominable Snowmen*, Terrance is settling down, working with material he had no personal involvement in, and delivering a faithful rendering of the scripts, with occasional insights into characters (Travers’ inspiration for seeking out the Yeti, for example). By contrast, *Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*, based on his own TV scripts, ought to be a labour of love, but continues the trend to brevity – as do the novelisations of both *Terror of the Autons* and *Planet of the Spiders*, although the latter’s prologue, showing ➤

Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders
9/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Alun Hood

Doctor Who and the Android Invasion
11/78 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Roy Knipe

Doctor Who and the Sontaran Experiment
12/78 60p
w Ian Marter
a Roy Knipe

Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons
1979 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Alun Hood

Doctor Who and the Hand of Fear
1/79 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Roy Knipe

Doctor Who and the Green Death
3/79 60p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Alun Hood

Doctor Who and the Invisible Enemy
3/79 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Roy Knipe

Doctor Who and the Sea Devils
4/79 60p
w Malcolm Hulke
a John Geary

Doctor Who and the Giant Robot
4/79 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins

◀ Jo Grant in the Amazon sending the Metebelis III crystal back to the Doctor, adds to the story's end-of-era feel.

Unlike Dicks, Malcolm Hulke continued to deliver added value throughout his contributions. In particular, *Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters* (The word "Silurian" is used only once, as a randomly-chosen password), not only employs Dicks' technique of showing us what characters are thinking, but also adds his own, telling us what has happened to them in the past to make them think like this. This book in particular reads as though Hulke worked without the television scripts to hand, choosing instead to tell roughly the same story by utterly different means – the individual reptile people have names and histories, and there is even a whole chapter told from one Morka's point of view. There is a warmth and depth here totally absent from the televised version – for example, the Brigadier is clearly the more tongue-in-cheek 1974 model than the one who actually appeared on screen. After 26 years, and a near-lifetime of *Doctor Who* fiction, this book re-reads superbly.

Hulke continued to adapt his subsequent serials in transmission order. The next, *Colony in Space*, is dull enough to make one query this policy, but the author grafts on sufficient bonuses – the prologue to *Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon* contains the first significant appearance by the Time Lords in the books, plus the reminiscences of Captain Dent. *Doctor Who and the Sea-Devils* is more perfunctory, as befits a more action-based story, but *Doctor Who and the Green Death* sees Hulke enriching Robert Sloman's scripts with insights such as Panorama Chemicals' hardman Hinks' collection of American comics.

Barry Letts' adaptation of *The Dæmons*, although rich in description, diverges insufficiently from the transmitted story to make it recommendable above a video recording. *The Moonbase*, adapted by Gerry Davis into *Doctor Who and the Cybermen*, appeared immediately ➤ an insignificant doorway and up a narrow flight of stairs, they comprised a cramped set of rooms above shops in one of London's most traffic-congested areas. However this move was only to be temporary; during 1977, those in King Street were moved to join the rest of WH Allen at 44 Hill Street in upmarket Mayfair – a large and elegant building with a cavernous lobby, marble floors, and more space than ever before.

'Gerry Davis seems to have had a brainstorm writing The Tenth Planet!'

The impact on the *Doctor Who* titles from the Howard and Wyndham takeover was negligible; the Target imprint remained as it was. Another decision which seems to have been made by the new company was to commence a simultaneous release of the *Doctor Who* books in hardback form, destined for libraries. (Universal-Tandem had issued the first five titles only as hardbacks.) The hardback issues commenced at the end of 1975 with *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders*, released under the Allen Wingate imprint.

A Tenth Planet Cyberman

When Michael Glover left the company early in 1976, he was succeeded as editor of the Target list by Elizabeth Godfray. "The path had been well mapped out for me," she remembered. "Richard and Mike were the main editors in all fairness. I just carried on what they had been doing in terms of sequels and whatever. I was never in the same league as either of those two. All the contacts had been made, there were certain titles in the range which were going to carry on, not just *Doctor Who* but *Agaton Sax*, Terrance Dicks' *Mounties* series and so forth . . . I recall that all the titles had been decided."

Godfray oversaw the books from January 1975 until she left in January 1977 to work at Hamlyn – a far bigger organisation. "After a few months of just me doing this, it became very hard work," she explained. "We were publishing four or more books a month, with all the associated problems. It all became too much and that's why I decided to move on. It had been hard work when we had an editor and an assistant, but when there was just an editor . . . Also, you ended up having to do everything yourself: design the cover, write the blurbs that appeared on the covers, liaise with authors, copy edit, commission, sort out contracts . . . It was a lot of work.

"It was, however, a brilliant grounding experience, working at Tandem. I learned so much about every aspect of publishing while I was there . . ."

The Target range had proved so successful that during 1976 a book club was set up to deal with enquiries and promote the range more effectively. Godfray recalls that this was probably as a direct result of the correspondence that they received to do with the *Doctor Who* novels; Henwood, meanwhile, feels that it may also have been an attempt to rival the Puffin Book Club (itself a rival to Scholastic's club). The Target Book Club was administered by Sandy Lessiter, who responded to questions from readers and also mailed out advance schedules, catalogues and cover proofs. Also very popular were the Target badges – small metal pin-badges showing the imprint's colourful logo. The club was eventually closed down during 1977.

The novelisations published through 1976 were: *Doctor Who and the Tenth Planet* (Gerry Davis), *Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion* [*Invasion of the Dinosaurs*] and *Doctor Who and the Space War* [*Frontier in Space*] (both by Malcolm Hulke), *Doctor Who and the Ice Warriors* (Brian Hayles), plus *Doctor Who and the Loch Ness Monster* [*Terror of the Zygons*], *Doctor Who and the Revenge of the Cybermen*, *Doctor Who and the Genesis of the Daleks*, *Doctor Who and the Web of Fear*, *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Daleks* and *Doctor Who and the Pyramids of Mars* (all by Terrance Dicks). All the covers were by Chris Achilleos.

In 1976, Keith Miller's *Doctor Who* fan club was superceded by the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. Its magazine, *Tardis*, published book reviews written by society President Jan Vincent-Rudzki: "Gerry Davis . . . seems to have had a brainstorm while writing parts of [*Doctor Who and the Tenth Planet*] . . . 'Why?', you all ask (I hope) did Gerry Davis change the end, and the other parts of the book? They didn't improve the story in any way, and in some cases harmed it"; "The characters [in *The Web of Fear*] were very well brought out, and as each one was killed off it was almost like losing a friend . . . I would say the book is almost as good as the TV original, so I thoroughly recommend it."

Miller, meanwhile, continued publishing a fanzine called *Doctor Who Digest*. His comments were mostly favourable – although Terrance Dicks was starting to receive some adverse comment over the depth of writing in his work: "I didn't exactly give the TV serial [*Revenge of the Cybermen*] a rave review, but strangely enough, I found the book better. I say strangely enough because it was written in Mr Dicks' traditional script-to-book-and-never-mind-the-detail style"; "When I heard that Terry Dicks was doing [*Genesis of the Daleks*] I groaned inwardly because I could imagine 140 pages of dialogue and no

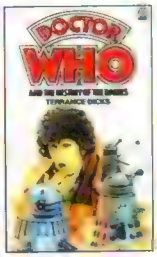
Doctor Who and the Robots of Death
5/79 70p
w Terrance Dicks
a John Geary

Doctor Who and the Claws of Axos
6/79 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a John Geary

Doctor Who and the Image of the Fendahl
7/79 70p
w Terrance Dicks
a John Geary

Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon
8/79 75p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Jeff Cummins

Doctor Who and the War Games
10/79 75p
w Malcolm Hulke
a John Geary



Doctor Who and the Destiny of the Daleks
11/79 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Ribos Operation
12/79 75p
w Ian Marter
a John Geary

Doctor Who and the Dæmons
1/80 75p
w Barry Letts
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Underworld
1/80 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Bill Donohoe

'Good popular entertainment, with the written word coming out on top'

detail, but I was proved wrong"; "The major boo-boo of [*The Space War*] was the ending where Mr Hulke had the Doctor enter the TARDIS perfectly healthy, where, as all of us Whoeys know, the Master shot the Doctor and he fell into the TARDIS desperately ill . . . I'm afraid I had to force myself to finish the book, and felt no sense of satisfaction when I did"; "The added prologue at the beginning of [*Pyramids of Mars*] was a brilliant touch on the part of Mr Dicks, which set more detail into the story and the history of Horus and Sutekh was quite fascinating . . ."

Terrance Dicks had left the BBC in 1974 to concentrate on freelance writing, with the Target novelisations soon becoming a steady source of work. He was normally given first refusal on new titles: "It was all very unplanned and spontaneous, both in terms of my doing them and then the other people dropping out. I never made any attempt to get my hands on it all, but it just ended up with my doing them all. The other writers found it all very hard work. Script writers don't like writing books, they find it a lot harder than writing for television. And it's lonely. And the money is peanuts compared with television. A lot of them just didn't want to be bothered with the books in the early days. I used to explain to them that I did all the work and they got half the money – that was the way it was split. It wasn't until later on that the script writers realised that could do all the work and get all the money."

No immediate replacement was found upon Elizabeth Godfray's departure early in 1977; as an interim measure Fanny Torrance, Managing Editor at WH Allen, looked after the Target range prior to Brenda Gardner's arrival in May 1978. Things were running smoothly, and sales were very healthy indeed. Reports from 1978 indicate that collective sales of the first 35 titles (up to *Doctor Who and the Mutants*, published in September 1977) were topping two-and-a-quarter million copies . . .

before the silver giants' televised *Revenge* and features the first appearance of Davis' reusable prologue, *The Creation of the Cybermen*. It's a straight telling which brings out the best of a script no longer afflicted with being either unrealisable on screen or a remake of *The Tenth Planet*. Brian Hayles' *Doctor Who and the Curse of Peladon* is an accurate, if at times over-written, novel which does at least reflect the stifling formality of the palace setting.

These 13 volumes see the books becoming victims of their own popularity, with creative retellings of what the authors might like to have seen on screen being displaced by depictions of the television reality. Internal illustrations were an early casualty – nothing could replace the magic of preliminary full pages such as *Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks' Map Showing Grounds and Environs of Austerly House*.

Although the two Second Doctor offerings here mean that all three Doctors and a good sprinkling of their companions had seen print, one suspects that they were mainly chosen to satisfy curiosity about the Cybermen

and the Yeti (*Doctor Who and the Yeti* being a title "In preparation" in an earlier book's tantalising frontispiece). But the bulk of these titles – featuring the Third Doctor's heavily moral lectures on the dangers of xenophobia, capitalism, nationalism, and, er, daffodils – were absolutely perfect for children's literature. DWM

Doctor Who and the Invasion of Time
2/80 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Stones of Blood
3/80 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Androids of Tara
4/80 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Power of Kroll
5/80 85p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Armageddon Factor
6/80 85p
w Terrance Dicks
a Bill Donohoe

Doctor Who and the Keys of Marinus
8/80 85p
w Philip Hinchcliffe
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Nightmare of Eden
8/80 85p
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

Doctor Who and the Horns of Nimon
10/80 75p
w Terrance Dicks
a Steve Kyte

Doctor Who and the Monster of Peladon
12/80 85p
w Terrance Dicks
a Steve Kyte

SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN, AT THE END OF YET ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GRANDIOSE SCHEMES...
COME ON, GET ON WITH IT. I'M SURE YOU'RE JUST DYING TO LET ME KNOW HOW CLEVER YOU'VE BEEN...
YOUR UNDERSTANDING IS NECESSARY, DOCTOR, BUT I TAKE NO SATISFACTION IN PROVIDING IT. I HAVE MOVED FAR BEYOND SUCH PETTY INDULGENCES.
YOU WILL RECALL OUR LAST ENCOUNTER IN SAN FRANCISCO. I WAS DEVOURED BY THE EYE OF HARMONY, MY SCANT REMAINS SPAT OUT INTO THE TIME/SPACE VORTEX...
THE GLORIOUS DEAD
PART SEVEN

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

"MY HATRED FOR YOU HAD NEVER BURNED BRIGHTER – BUT IT WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO DIE.
"I PLUNGED THROUGH HISTORY'S WINDS, SCREAMING YOUR NAME AGAIN AND AGAIN...

"HE SUSTAINED MY FRAGILE ESSENCE, CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW SUCH A FURY COULD HAVE BEEN BORN. I SPOKE FREELY, DETAILING ALL OF OUR PAST CONFLICTS. I HID NOTHING FROM HIM.

"MY SHACKLES OF PHYSICALITY HAD ALREADY BEEN REMOVED, SO ESTERATH HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRANSPORTING ME TO A FAR HIGHER STATE OF EXISTENCE. AND THERE I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF...
"IN THE IMMACULATE PRESENCE OF THE GLORY.
"THE TRUTH CAME TO ME IN A SINGLE, DEVASTATING INSTANT, DOCTOR.
"I HAD PURSUED POWER MY ENTIRE LIFE WITHOUT EVER TRULY KNOWING WHAT IT WAS. BUT HERE IT LAY BEFORE ME... THE FINAL POWER.
"POWER THAT MADE ALL MY PAST AMBITIONS APPEAR LESS THAN THE SCRIBBLINGS OF A RETARDED CHILD.
"WITHIN THE GLORY DWELLED A MIND THAT COULD RESHAPE INFINITY IF IT CHOSE.
"THE OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM WAS REVEALED TO ME. I GLIDED OVER ITS ETERNAL PLAINS FOR WHAT SEEMED CENTURIES. ALL REALITY OPENED ITSELF TO ME LIKE A VAST, OLYMPIAN BOOK...
"... ONLY TO BE SNAPPED SHUT.
"I AWOKE IN A LONDON ALLEYWAY, IN THE BODY OF A RECENTLY-DECEASED VAGRANT. PERHAPS ESTERATH SOUGHT TO TEACH ME HUMILITY.
"AN AMUSING NOTION, I'M SURE YOU WILL AGREE.
"I UNDERSTOOD THE ROLE I WAS TO PLAY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE GLORY, BUT SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED BEFORE I DISCOVERED HOW I WOULD ACHIEVE IT.
"ONE DAY I WAS PULLED AWAY FROM THE BRIXTON STREETS...
"I FOUND MYSELF ON THE MOON, OBSERVING ONE OF YOUR COUNTLESS, POINTLESS BATTLES.
"BUT HOW HAD I BEEN DRAWN THERE? THE ANSWER SOON PRESENTED ITSELF...

"THE TARDIS.
"IT HAD CONSUMED ME, BUT IN SO DOING, PART OF MY ESSENCE HAD BEEN ABSORBED WITHIN IT. MY SYMBIOTIC NUCLEI HAD INFECTED ITS SYSTEMS.
"I HAD BEEN SPREADING LIKE A VIRUS THROUGH YOUR SHIP, MY NATURE FLOWING THROUGH ITS WARM VEINS..."
A TRUE SYMBIOSIS HAD OCCURED BETWEEN US. ITS ABILITIES HAD BEEN PASSED ONTO ME, AND IT WOULD OBEY ONLY ME. ALL SPACE AND TIME WERE MINE TO TRAVERSE ONCE MORE.
YES, MY FRIEND. YOUR GREATEST LOVE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL.
"I SAW AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO TEACH YOU A VITAL LESSON. I DIRECTED YOU BACK TO LONDON, TO WITNESS THE RESULTS OF YOUR CASUAL TAMPERING WITH A WOMAN'S DESTINY...*
* SEE DWM 273-276
"FROM THERE I TOOK YOU TO JAPAN TO SEE THE DISASTER SHAPED BY THE GAIJIN; CREATURES SO SIMILAR TO YOURSELF... BEINGS OBSESSED WITH OBTAINING KNOWLEDGE AT ANY PRICE...*
* DWM 278-282

"AND THEN TO TRIONIKUS, WHERE BLIND LUCK ALONE SAVED YOU FROM MURDERING AN INNOCENT...*
"WHEREVER YOU WALK, DOCTOR, DESTRUCTION FOLLOWS. ARE YOU BEGINNING TO SEE?"
* DWM 284-286
I SEE YOU'RE INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE. AGAIN.
YES, I'VE MADE SOME MISTAKES RECENTLY, BUT IN JAPAN I HALTED A PERVERSION OF HISTORY...
THE SAME TYPE OF TEMPORAL CORRUPTION YOU'VE CLEARLY CAUSED HERE, TRANSFORMING EARTH INTO DHAKAN!
ARE YOU SO VERY CERTAIN OF THAT, OLD FRIEND?
WHAT OF THE MAN YOU MET IN JAPAN? A MAN WHOSE SOLE WISH WAS TO DIE WITH HONOUR...
... A MAN YOU MADE IMMORTAL.

"WHAT OF KATSURA SATO?"
KATSURA... HOW? ALL THOSE PEOPLE ON PARADOST... ALL DEAD...
HOW COULD YOU DO IT?
SPEAK NOT TO ME OF DEATH, IJI. YOU KNOW NOTHING OF ITS NATURE...
"DEATH BETRAYED ME SOME FOUR CENTURIES PAST – YOUR WISE DOCTOR SAW TO THAT. THE NANO-DRONES HE PLACED WITHIN ME HEALED MY EVERY WOUND, BUT THEY DID NOT SAVE MY SPIRIT FROM WITHERING ON THE VINE OF DISHONOUR.
"UNABLE TO ATONE FOR MY LORD'S DEATH, I LEFT NIPPON IN DISGRACE, NEVER TO RETURN.
"I DRIFTED TO THE CARIBBEAN WHERE I TURNED TO PIRACY. I WRESTED SILVER FROM SPANISH SHIPS RETURNING FROM THE AMERICAS. NOTHING COULD CAUSE ME HARM.
"THEY THOUGHT ME A LEGEND, BUT MY LIFE WAS AN ENDLESS LIE. WHAT VIRTUE LAY IN BATTLES I COULD NEVER LOSE?
"MANY YEARS PASSED. MY HEART GREW WEARY. OR PERHAPS IT WAS MERELY BOREDOM WHICH BROUGHT ME LOW.
"I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE CAPTURED.
"I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE INQUISITION THAT HELD SPAIN IN ITS PIOUS GRIP. THEY JUDGED ME A DEMON AND SENTENCED ME TO DEATH BY HOLY TORTURE...
"HOW I LAUGHED AT THEM, IJI, THESE TERRIFIED SERVANTS OF A FALSE GOD.
"I FELT NOTHING.

"IN TIME THEY ACCEPTED DEFEAT. THEY LOCKED ME IN A CELL IN SARAGOSSA AND TRIED TO FORGET THEY HAD EVER SEEN ME.
"I REMAINED THERE FOR FIFTY YEARS, WELCOMING THE SOLITUDE.
"ONE DAY I WAS VISITED BY A MAN IN PRIEST'S ROBES WHO RELEASED ME.
"I MOVED TO SNAP HIS NECK, BUT HE HAD PRODUCED A SMALL BLACK SCEPTRE FROM HIS ROBES... I SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT...
"... AND MY WORLD CHANGED FOREVER.
KATSURA SATO, YOU BELIEVE YOUR LIFE IS WITHOUT PURPOSE. YOU ARE MISTAKEN.
THE INJUSTICES YOU HAVE SUFFERED HAVE TEMPERED YOUR SOUL, NOT BROKEN IT. YOU HAVE BEEN READIED FOR A GREAT AND HOLY TASK.
OBEY ME IN ALL THINGS AND YOUR HONOUR SHALL BE REBORN.
"AND I LOOKED AT THIS MAN WHO WAS NOT A MAN, IJI...
"AND I BELIEVED."
YES, DOCTOR... SATO.
WHAT YOU DID TO HIM INTRIGUED ME. I WONDERED WHAT EFFECT THE NANO-DRONES MIGHT HAVE ON HIS PSYCHE. YOU HAD REMOVED ALL PHYSICAL PAIN FROM HIS LIFE...
IF A MAN BECOMES IMMUNE TO PAIN, WILL HE, IN TIME, FORGET WHAT PAIN EVEN IS? WILL HE THEN BECOME BLIND TO THE PAIN OF OTHERS?
IT SEEMED LIKELY. HE WAS AN IDEAL SPECIMEN. HE THOUGHT THE VOID IN HIS LIFE TO BE SO LARGE...
BUT ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO FILL IT WAS A NEW MASTER.
"I LET HIM SUFFER FOR A FEW DECADES BEFORE CLAIMING HIM.
"I GAVE HIM THE ODOSTRA, A BOOK I WROTE IN AN AFTERNOON. I FILLED IT WITH THREATS OF FIRE AND DAMNATION, BUT ALSO THE PROMISE OF REBIRTH. HE WAS A DEVOTED PUPIL.

"AND SO KATSURA SATO RETURNED TO THE WORLD, FANATICALLY DEDICATED TO HIS NEW ***VOCATION*** – TO TEACH THE PATH OF ***THE GLORY*** TO THE MASSES.

"HE WAS THE PERFECT ***MESSIAH***, A SUPERB ***ORATOR***... A BRILLIANT ***STRATEGIST***... ***AGELESS*** AND ***INDESTRUCTIBLE***. ***THOUSANDS*** FLOCKED TO HIS SIDE IN THE FIRST DECADE ALONE.

"EUROPE WAS ENGULFED IN A ***HOLY CRUSADE*** WHICH TORCHED THE ENTIRE ***CONTINENT***. IT TOOK SATO LESS THAN A ***CENTURY*** TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF IT.

"***ASIA*** FELL NEXT, THEN ***AFRICA***.

"I DID NOTHING BUT ***WATCH***.

"BY THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, KATSURA SATO WAS THE UNDISPUTED ***MONARCH*** OF HIS WORLD. EARTH WAS FINALLY UNITED UNDER ONE RULE, ONE RELIGION, ONE PURPOSE.

"***DHAKAN*** WAS BORN.

"WHILE SATO HAD BASED SOME OF THE CHURCH'S HIERARCHY ON HIS FORMER CAPTORS, HE SAW NO NEED TO EMULATE THEIR DISTRUST OF ***SCIENCE***. DHAKAN PROGRESSED ***QUICKLY*** IN ITS TECHNOLOGIES.

"AS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BEGAN, IT HAD ACHIEVED ***INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL***.

"SATO WAS READY TO SPREAD HIS HOLY DOCTRINE TO OTHER WORLDS.

"I RETURNED TO GIVE HIM MY BLESSING. I NAMED HIM '***MORNINGSTAR***'...

"'***THE RISING SUN***'."

I ENSURED HE WOULD ONLY SEE THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE WHEN HE WAS PREPARED TO IMPLEMENT IT.
BUT WHY HAVE SATO ATTACK PARADOST? WHY MANIPULATE HIM AT ALL? WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS?
CALL IT A GIFT, DOCTOR. FOR YOU.
FWUMPH
ONE LAST TRIBUTE TO OUR MUTUAL FOLLY...
THE GLORY'S END IS SO VERY NEAR. A NEW MIND MUST BE CHOSEN TO CONTROL IT. IT NEEDS AN INHERITOR...
YOU SEE, DOCTOR, ONLY THE FINAL PASSAGE OF THE ODOSTRA HOLDS THE TRUTH: A PROPHECY OF TWO ADVERSARIES WHO BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT TO BECOME THE NEW GLORY.
THESE TWO COMBATANTS ARE UTTERLY ALIKE, YET POLAR OPPOSITES... SHADOW-SELVES... MIRROR IMAGES OF ONE ANOTHER.
ESTERATH'S TASK WAS TO FIND THOSE BEINGS.
THIS IS OUR DESTINY, MY ONE AND ONLY FRIEND.
THIS IS THE REASON WE WERE BORN, THE REASON FOR ALL OUR INFANTILE PAST STRUGGLES... OUR WHOLE LIVES HAVE BEEN LEADING US TO THIS. WE WERE BEING PREPARED FOR THIS.
ONE OF US WILL LIVE TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE POWER...
THE OTHER WILL SIMPLY DIE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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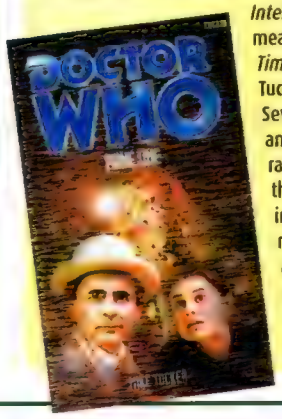
The DWM 293 caption competition

Crossword compiler Horus has gone temporarily WOLA [anag] this month – which seems as good an excuse as any to herald the (possibly short-lived) return of an old favourite. So a big hand please for the Crazy Caption, last seen in **DWM** 249! If you'd like to be in with a chance of winning the prizes opposite, p'raps you'd better re-acquaint yourself with the form: we'd like you to exercise your rapier wit by suggesting what the rapier-wielding Pel miner might be be saying to PVC-clad Eckersley. Ideas by postcard or e-mail marked CRAZY CAPTION 293 (include your full name and address) to the address on page six by 25 July, please . . .

Thanks to the benevolence of the burghers at BBC Worldwide, five lucky readers can each win a pair of this month's BBC Books novels! Eighth Doctor adventure *The Ancestor Cell*, by Peter Anghelides and Stephen Cole, sees the long-awaited resolution of the *Interference* arc; meanwhile, *Prime Time*, by Mike Tucker, sees the Seventh Doctor and Ace top the ratings when they're plunged into a nightmarish struggle against an evil television corporation!



DWM 289 crossword solution

Across

7 Gore Crow
8 Glitz
10 Zolfa-Thura
11 Cotton
13 Gomer
15 Air Lock
17 Ingiger
19 Malus
20 Kiston
22, 23d *The Seeds of Doom*
23 Drax
24 Clent
25 Amazonia

Down

1 *Logopolis*
2, 9 Deva Loka
3 Brazen
4 Two-legs
5 High-brains
6 Azure
8 Gharman
12 Tollmaster
14 Aerobatic
16 Colbert
18 As usual
20 Kaftan
21 *Shock*

Hidden name: **ZAZZKA**

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Shelf Life

With Vanessa Bishop

DOCTOR WHO: TIME-FLIGHT

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor, Nyssa & Tegan **RRP** £12.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6878 **Available** 3 July

Cruising steadily in the early 1980s, Doctor Who takes a sudden nose-dive to the ground

Two-and-a-half things strike *Shelf Life* about *Time-Flight*. The half is how much Tegan is like Orville the Duck. Early on, while lamenting Adric's death from the previous story *Earthshock*, she wears exactly the same expression as that green 1980s children's favourite; both whinge on endlessly about flying (in Tegan's case this is just bad manners); and, from a distance of 18 years, it's hard to figure out what it was made either of them so popular in the first place.

The first, more serious, thing is to wonder, with eye-rolling astonishment, what exactly writer Peter Grimwade was up to. Surely it was a joke? Surely he wasn't serious? Surely, being also a *Doctor Who* director (and one recently bruised from an unsuccessful struggle to realise a 40 foot-high pink snake in *Kinda*), he had twigged the programme's limitations? No-one in their right minds would take up a script which asks for two Concordes to be grounded on a Jurassic landscape and think it workable.

To be honest, I don't think anyone did. But the idea of the production office phoning up British Airways and asking for the loan of a Concorde smacks of the kind of end-of-term wheeze that's impossible to refuse. Surely BA would say no?

It's what should have happened. But, alas, responsibility for *Time-Flight* probably rests with some bright airline executive who calculated exactly how much free advertising could be squeezed from the exposure – and poor *Doctor Who*, goggle-eyed and drunk on the improbability of securing the most expensive prop in the business, pressed on. Since ten million people watched *Time-Flight*'s opening episode, I'd say British Airways got the better deal.

The second thing is, why all this Concorde worship anyway? It's difficult to guess quite when the bloom was off Concorde's rose – but its inclusion appears dated for 1982. What's more, it makes terrible television. White, featureless and sleek, the only thing it's got going for it is its silhouette – but shot against an unexpected snowfall at the Heathrow Airport location, it loses even that. Concorde is *Time-Flight*'s albatross; it clogs up the plot from the start, and causes endless credibility problems (the attempts to explain why it doesn't crash on the prehistoric heath render the story ridiculous).

The tedious Time-Flight is not so much a white-knuckle ride, more an airless lecture about circuitry

Of course, *Time-Flight*'s problems are not restricted to its impossible visuals. Underneath, it's still a tedious, inward-looking tale of Time Lords and TARDISes – less of a white-knuckle ride than a chance to learn about time machine circuitry. It signals probably the exact point where the Davison era lost the plot, the point where it took its entire audience to be fans and judged its own mythology – no matter how trivial – to be more important than storytelling. And *Time-Flight* is told badly, without intrigue or suspense, without flair or imagination. So unwieldy and uncompromising are its demands that all departments appear sapped of inspiration. The plot is airless, the dialogue dead. Design is at its nadir. The Citadel's inner sanctum has the look of a boudoir; the Plasmatons resemble something to be flushed away. The whole production appears to be fashioned from polystyrene (and, worse, it sounds like it too). Making a mental list of improvements to *Time-Flight* is not only embarrassingly easy, it's probably the most entertaining way to survive its duration.

All one can hope for when a show goes south as fast as this is that the actors will at least make it fun for themselves, and tip the production into either

Time-Flight: Kalid and the Doctor in a Paleolithic palace

DOCTOR WHO: THE GHOSTS OF N-SPACE

BBC Radio Collection

£16.99

Riddled with padding and oscillating between the poor and the unlistenable, Barry Letts' second audio play takes all the muddle and chronic comedy of *The Paradise of Death* and cranks it up a notch.

Contrived and coincidence-led, *The Ghosts of N-Space* has the hallmarks of a spoof. Chance meetings and implausible backgrounds irreparably tear at the story's credulity. The Brigadier's Italian ancestry, though neither impossible nor wrong, is ill-conceived and clumsy. Why, as a Stewart, is he heir to a Sicilian castle and not a Scottish one?

When discussing *Doctor Who*, just below 'Which TARDIS roundels do you like best?' as a conversational gambit comes 'Which of the Third Doctor radio plays is the better?' – and usually, *The Ghosts of N-Space* loses out. But it's difficult to view either production outside the context in which they were broadcast. As *The Paradise of Death* was the first new *Doctor Who* produced for four years, its disappointment is still more acute than that of its sequel – to which the listener comes already prepared, already depressed.

JON PERTWEE: THE BIOGRAPHY

André Deutsch £17.99

Biographer Bernard Bale paints actor Jon Pertwee as an eccentric. Much of what might be expected is included here, but it's less a set of cut-and-paste anecdotes and more a rather endearing story of the improbable. Recounted in chatty prose, Bale's approach saves the book's close look at Pertwee's *Doctor Who* work from becoming an episode guide.

Five chapters allow Ingeborg Pertwee to offer a more personal insight into her husband. Revealing as much about her as him, these sections are the most valuable – charming, yet occasionally frosty, glimpses into a lifestyle where the spoils of fame are both welcomed and resented. In her views, there's also a streak of cynicism towards Pertwee's days as a Time Lord.

Filled with dramatic tales – of over-indulgent mongeese, being attacked by a wild boar, of the Navy and the circus – Bale's biography reminds us that *Doctor Who* was probably the dullest thing Pertwee ever did!

melodrama or comedy. Unfortunately, the sobriety of Davison's first three years denies the audience even this pleasure. Even the reliably absurd Anthony Ainley disappoints. Promising much early silliness disguised as the mystic Kalid, his switch to the Master finds his energies exhausted and uncharacteristically restrained.

Time-Flight is proof that ten million people can be wrong. It's painful viewing which shakes the faith. Surely no *Doctor Who* story can have failed quite so utterly as this?

For die-hards.

DOCTOR WHO: THE SPECTRE OF LANYON MOOR

Audio drama Big Finish Productions **Featuring** The Sixth Doctor, Evelyn & the Brigadier **RRP** (double CD/cassette) £13.99/£9.99 **Available** Now

Zygons-style shivers in rural Cornwall . . . and another dig with the Brig

From the shelf marked 'familiar', *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* is the kind of been there, done that adventure which furrows the brows of reviewers. As a card-carrying member of that sniping underclass, do I label *Lanyon Moor* a rich blend of horror and folklore, or a thin filtering of well-worn clichés – an homage on a good day, a pastiche on a bad?

Somewhat perversely, the stories of Season 13 loom large in both camps, and they're unambiguously the mould from which Nicholas Pegg's play is formed. After opening like ET, albeit without the 'ahhh!' factor, Pegg gathers the era's basic essentials – superstition, the buried and the undead – and locks his story into a series of enjoyable, if unsurprising, twists and turns.

Arriving at a Cornish archaeological dig, the Doctor's investigations elevate its Iron Age artefacts into something older and even more remarkable. Soon we're up to our ears in *Quatermass and the Pit*, the metropolitan setting of Nigel Kneale's story switched for a rural backdrop that's *Terror of the Zygons* in all but location. The moors, a tight-lipped village and an up-himself man of title all match their Scottish counterparts with few variations. Continuing the pattern, Evelyn Smythe understudies both Sarah and Harry, hospitalised and deep in research concerning the legendary Spectre – hell, thinks Pegg, she might as well do it in the dusty residence of Sir Archibald Flint, just as Sarah boned up on Nessie sightings at Forgill Castle.

So, *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* carries *Zygons* like a route map, negotiating a few neighbouring stories along the way. But what it's really digging for is the period's artful exploitation of fear, tapping into the subconscious. Here, the play delivers, stoking its middlebrow thrills of spooks and goblins by suggesting that walking on the moors at night isn't the wisest move – and then doing it anyway.

There's a lovely moment in *Zygons* where Angus McSomeone spins Sarah a tale from the 1800s concerning the unfortunate Jamieson boys – Donald, who was claimed by the evil spirits of the moor, and Robert, found two days later "clean off his heeead and with fear'n his eyes terrible t'see." It adds nothing to the cut and thrust of the plot and goes un-noticed in all its reviews (including mine), but the atmosphere it casts is priceless, deftly turning the screw of the contemporary tale with a minimum of effort. Pegg pulls the stunt three times, to equal effect – offering stories from the 17th, 19th and 20th centuries to clad his drama in the strange and ungodly. Tied to a few historical accuracies, they carry much conviction. However, he doesn't appear quite so keen to explore the opportunities of audio as much as other Big Finish contributors. Such incidents allow for dissolves into the past, to hear the events at first hand – which would, on audio, be a subtler way of expanding the scope of TV-type adventures than by routinely inflating armies and suggesting that the sets are bigger.

Similarly, *Shelf Life* was all keyed up to imagine the Brigadier's trademark 'tache – but the cover tells us he hasn't got one. But why not? Why, on audio, are we dealing with a retired Brigadier close to actor Nicholas Courtney's actual age when, with his still stoic voice and a more staccato delivery, we could return to the bristling UNIT-era model? Continuity, probably, that mimsy

The Spectre of Lanyon Moor digs to recover the artful exploitation of fear tapped by Season 13

The Sixth Doctor goes in search of Zygo– sorry, *spectres*

constraint which halts ideas and frowns on fun.

Courtney and Colin Baker are committed as ever. There's reason, I'm sure, in Big Finish underplaying the Brigadier's first meeting with the Sixth Doctor – but, after releasing adventures with the Daleks and Ice Warriors, it surely can't be the fear of appearing too fannish? Pity, though – there's some striking distance between obsessing about *Doctor Who* minutiae and denying us the unique banter which these two loved characters should share.

The Spectre of Lanyon Moor returns to the theatre and colour of *Phantasmagoria*. The earlier play's still out in front – but, robust with batty villains, doom-soaked rhetoric and prize put-downs, this is a very acceptable slice of hokum.

DOCTOR WHO: THE ANCESTOR CELL

Novel BBC Books **Authors** Peter Anghelides & Stephen Cole **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Compassion **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53809 0 **Available** 3 July

The one we've all been waiting for – and it doesn't disappoint

The Ancestor Cell proves you can put the genie back in the bottle. Born of the need to resolve a number of questions raised in the Eighth Doctor range, it calls time on themes and ideas which stretch as far back as 1997's *Alien Bodies*. It's primarily a work of restoration – and only upon completing it can the irony of that statement be fully appreciated.

Peter Anghelides and Stephen Cole have chosen to write the kind of novel usually only committed to when drunk. After all, *The Ancestor Cell* isn't required to reconcile minor inconsistencies, but huge, titanic problems, the mightiest of all – still festering from *Interference* – being the Third Doctor's premature death on the planet Dust. Stacked with so many demands, the novel's given to stopping and starting as the authors draw up a checklist of loose ends and methodically work their way through each – including uncertainties from *The Blue Angel* and the reason why, back in *Unnatural History*, the Doctor lost his shadow. It's often difficult to decide whether the solutions provided and the answers given are the culmination of a long-term plan or, as the book is so clearly seeking closure, the product of hasty invention.

As you always suspected it would, this belated conclusion to the *Interference* story arc returns the Doctor home. The latest crisis to befall Gallifrey is the sudden *Independence Day*-like appearance in its skies of a colossal, mysterious structure fashioned from solid bone. This visit to the Time Lords' planet reflects several earlier excursions: like *The Invasion of Time*, it has a Doctor in danger of crossing over to the enemy; like *The Five Doctors*, it gives us voyages of self-discovery, where the dangers of the Death Zone matched by a venture inside the extraordinary bone Edifice; and like *Arc of Infinity*, biodata is looted from the Matrix. Here, the stolen data is used to restore life to another of Gallifrey's legends – the shortest-serving President, Greyjan (whose name appears to be a neat pun on Lady Jane Grey, reflecting her equally brief hold on the English monarchy).

This column has previously been critical of returning to Gallifrey, so let's be consistent. Fact: Time Lords are bureaucrats, they wear dresses and elect Presidents. End of story. Yet another book which asks us to find their hypocrisy fascinating all over again is not going to be greeted with great enthusiasm; Gallifrey has remained largely unchanged since 1977's *The Deadly Assassin* – and it's tired. Perhaps, though, this isn't such a lone view. Cole and Anghelides have worked hard to escape the sterility of other Time Lord plots, and *The Ancestor Cell* is full of incident. Considerably less intense than *Interference*, it's far from being a work of duty. If the first half is better than the second, it's because the authors are freer to have fun at the expense of 'straight' Time Lord society – but as the situation grows more serious, so do the

The Ancestor Cell has an air of finality about it. If Doctor Who was an American TV series, you could imagine this being the big end-of-season finale

TALKING BOOKS
Peter Anghelides & Stephen Cole

The *Ancestor Cell*-mates on wrapping up the *Interference* arc – and gallivanting about Gallifrey . . .

Was there always a plan to publish one final book which would tidy up all the loose ends of the Eighth Doctor story arc?

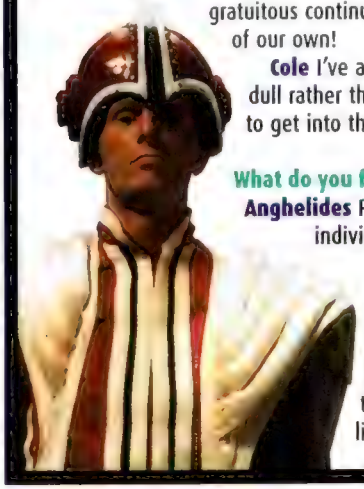
Stephen Cole Yes and no. As soon as I agreed to the Third Doctor's fate in *Interference*, I set about – or more likely sat about! – inventing the basic way the arc would be resolved. By then I was looking to leave [as overall editor of the BBC Books range], and I knew [incoming consultant] Justin Richards had a very clear idea of what he wanted to do, and so I felt I should clean up after myself. I begged Peter to write it with me, and – thank God! – he agreed. We had a great time writing it. But more importantly than just offering a set of answers to appease the past, we wanted to look to the future, setting things up for the range's new direction.

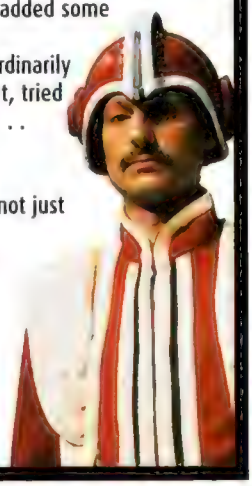
Peter Anghelides 'Final' is a bit of a worrying word, isn't it? We want people to see each book as a 'stepping-on' rather than a 'getting-off' point. *Doctor Who* is constantly developing, so I'm not sure I'd want to tidy everything up. Even shows like *Genesis of the Daleks*, which purport to provide answers and closure, actually open things up more because fans love to speculate – and no doubt they'll spot more dangly bits in *The Ancestor Cell*. At least we haven't sunk Atlantis again!

Did you feel at all intimidated by the baggage that the Time Lords and Gallifrey always bring?

Anghelides We adopted a pick-'n'-mix approach. Obviously we have a movie-scale location and effects budget, so why be restricted by TV Gallifrey – two pastel corridors and a polystyrene fountain? Likewise, we weren't obliged to reference every Gallifrey story ever told. We ended up removing far more dull, gratuitous continuity references than we left in . . . and then we added some of our own!

Cole I've always found the Time Lords and Gallifrey extraordinarily dull rather than intimidating. We tried to shake them up a bit, tried to get into the way individuals in such a society inter-relate . . .



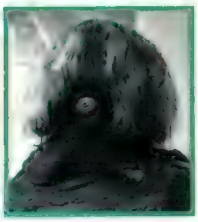


What do you feel are the successes of the arc?

Anghelides People are talking about the book series again, not just individual books.

Cole I think we've made the Doctor's world a little darker, a little more dangerous, while emphasising his heroism. We've delivered a fair few surprises.

I think we've got people talking. And I think now we may even get them shouting a little . . .



DOCTOR WHO MINIATURES

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Poor Harlequin seem to have had trouble with *The Invisible Enemy*'s Nucleus. Perhaps the sculptor couldn't do it for laughing at the reference photo, but the eventuality isn't far removed from a pet Labrador humiliated in the garb from a child's dressing-up box.

The Aridian is a more muscly example than the TV sand-flappers. Clueless to what colour he should be, this is a figure that won't see the paintbrush.

June brings us a Doctor – a *Talons of Weng-Chiang*-costumed Fourth, elephant gun abandoned for a magnifying glass. The same month, we're also offered a raging, fists-aloft Monoid (presumably silent, since he's minus his voice collar), plus Hieronymous, dagger dramatically drawn.

Finally, three chaps who appear at first to have wandered in from another collection: King John, his cloak donated by England's last wild bear; a Pirate, a *Smugglers/Treasure Island* hybrid (unquestionably the best of the batch, too, detailed with buckles, cutlass, crutch and wooden leg); and a Cowboy, tenuously attributed to *The Chase*. This last must, I presume, be an Empire State Building tourist, but in the pecking order he's one below the same story's Fungoid plants – and *Shelf Life* is still waiting for one of those!

authors. Midway through, the novel takes on an air of finality. If *Doctor Who* had taken flight as an American series, you could imagine something like *The Ancestor Cell* being scheduled for an end-of-season episode.

From such an unenviable brief, *The Ancestor Cell* proves to be a surprising success, achieving in one volume what the *Interference* arc failed to deliver in five. Destined to be a novel both loved and loathed, the authors write like card-sharks, throwing our attention with one hand while they pull a weighty trick with the other.

Essential.

DOCTOR WHO: PRIME TIME

Novel BBC Books **Author** Mike Tucker **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Ace **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55597 1 **Available** 3 July

A post-modern pop culture runaround typical of the Sylvester McCoy years

Welcome to the offices of Channel 400, where a Director-General, browbeaten by governors, shuffles TV schedules, eagerly anticipating the latest set of ratings – delivered by a computer nicknamed 'Auntie'. Elsewhere in the same building, order is maintained by grim commissionaires – and the canteen food's a joke . . .

Set on the planet Blinni-Gaar, Mike Tucker's spiky and sharply-observed pop at the BBC and other broadcasters isn't the subtlest satire of TV land. However, delving into a world concerned more with audience share than quality programming, *Prime Time* shows Tucker to be a harsh critic of such a mindset, voicing his concerns through grotesque characters and crass situations.

Nonetheless, this depiction of television as a materialistic monster lapping at the cult of celebrity and the lowest common denominator isn't quite the shocker it should be. Firstly: as barmy, garish, careless, scheming and contradictory as Tucker makes Channel 400, there's an equal in the real media to more than match it. And secondly: being *Doctor Who* fans, and therefore keen students of the changing face of broadcasting, *Prime Time* has difficulty in surprising us; our cynicism means that Tucker's text is preaching to the already converted.

As far as ratings and marketing are concerned, the fan experience is mixed – so there's a certain sense of wish-fulfilment in a scenario where, championed as an audience-winner, the Doctor's adventures are recognised not only for their financial potential but also their unique appeal. Quiz games and docu-soaps are sidelined for the thrills of Doctor action – except these episodes are live, and the Seventh Doctor and Ace are unwitting stars.

It's a plotline doubtless inspired by *The Truman Show* – in which Jim Carrey unknowingly plays out his life before the cameras. The transmission of *Doctor When* (as Channel 400 uninventively titles the 'series') enables Tucker to blur reality on several levels – although he's at it in the off-screen sections of the narrative too, where the Doctor suggests that he and Ace should assume the identities of an alternative comedian and a children's TV presenter respectively . . .

Given a trailer, a pre-title sequence and a few commercial breaks, *Prime Time* has some of the unorthodox invention expected from a Paul Magrs burlesque, albeit with a more watchful eye on the sanity meter. Although the book is crawling with monsters, Tucker makes it plain that Channel 400's cold-hearted fat cat Director-General is the worst of the lot (of course, if this really *was* a Paul Magrs novel, a fat cat is *exactly* what he would be . . .).

Like *The Ancestor Cell*, *Prime Time* reruns enough of *Doctor Who*'s past to encourage the reader to keep a score sheet. Often, this is because Tucker is nailing a moment so precisely that it feels familiar. Sometimes, however – discussing the 'augmentation' process seen in *The Two Doctors*, for example, or having Ace once again shot at with the usual emotional ammunition – the references feel burned-out and fully explored. It's a close cousin of *Vengeance on Varos*, too, flipping the drama back and forth between the Doctor's broadcast adventure, the editing suite and a square-eyed populace. Although the stories have different targets, their plots run parallel long enough to slightly embarrass *Prime Time* – and when both stories conclude their opening 'episode'

Spiky and sharp, Prime Time satirises a TV industry devoted to the cult of celebrity and the lowest common denominator

in an almost identical manner, there's a feeling that some recognition of the fact from the Doctor might ease the slight sense of awkwardness.

Tucker's first solo novel shows no diminishment of the action contained in the Seventh Doctor books he's written alongside Robert Perry – but, like *The Happiness Patrol*, *Paradise Towers*, *Silver Nemesis* and *Battlefield*, *Prime Time* demonstrates the era's propensity to linger on past its natural conclusion. The penultimate chapter conceals a better finale – a stinging comment from the Doctor himself which slams home the author's point that the show deserves better treatment by those who deem to make it. It's a line to learn by heart.

Sly and cynical, *Prime Time*'s use of the Doctor to give television itself a hefty kick results in a book of obvious pleasures. DWM

An alternative comedian and a kids TV presenter, apparently

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Sleight of hand

KKLAK! Visual effects designer Clifford Culley was the man charged with filling 1970s London with a vast array of extinct reptiles in _Invasion of the Dinosaurs_ – not to mention unfreezing hordes of Daleks and making Kettlewell's Robot grow to a colossus. "It used to get quite hairy in studio!" he confesses to Philip Newman . . .

Photos: BBC (c) BBC Worldwide Ltd; Philip Newman [1]

Over the years, the demands which *Doctor Who* has placed on its creative teams have been as varied as the stories themselves. However, the three productions on which Clifford Culley found himself working between 1972 and 1974 called for, arguably, the most challenging and ambitious effects ever required throughout the series' long history. For, as visual effects designer on *Planet of the Daleks*, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* and *Robot*, it was he who faced the rather unenviable task of bringing, amongst others, a whole army of Daleks, a cornucopia of extinct giant lizards and a 30 foot-tall robot to British television screens.

I talked to Cliff (as he prefers to be called) about his work on *Doctor Who* in his office at Pinewood Studios – where, I discovered, he has spent the majority of a career in film and television special effects which spans over 40 years.

"I studied stage design at Harrow Art School, and then got a job at Denham Studios as an apprentice model-maker which I only did for about eight months, because I was called up for National Service. By the time I came back in 1949, Denham had closed down, so I came to work for the Rank Organisation in their special effects art department, here at Pinewood. Eventually, I wangled my way into the matte department, working as an assistant to the six artists – including Les Bowie, who got an Oscar for *Superman* – who were here at that time. Rank was then making about 25 pictures a year here, and I worked on all of them, including all the James Bonds. Disney also used to make two or three films a year here in those days, and I did all the titles for them, too. I became Head of the Special Effects department in 1967 and stayed on until 1971, when the then management of the studio decided that we weren't making enough money, and shut all the departments down. So, I took over the same department and set it up as my own company, and I've been here ever since."

I was quite surprised to learn that Cliff had never actually joined the BBC as an employee. "I was an outside contractor. The BBC had quite a big Visual Effects department of its own but, every now and again, they would get snowed under. Well, Jack Kine, who was the head of department at that time, contacted me to ask if I would like to do some work on *Doctor Who*. I sometimes used to think that, being an outside contractor, we didn't always get the best of the programmes."

The first story Cliff worked on was *Planet of the Daleks* – and he has vivid memories of the location filming. "We went to a Fuller's Earth quarry down in Redhill, Surrey – which looked very good on film, because this Fuller's Earth made all the water a sort of bright, emerald green. There was lots of dry ice, too – we just kept throwing it into these ponds. But location filming with the Daleks was always a nightmare, because you couldn't do anything with them. We had some trouble manhandling those things around, because everywhere we went, we had to put these damn boards down for the Daleks to run on, and then pile earth up in front, so they couldn't be seen. We used to have some fun with the operators, because they couldn't get out once they were inside, so occasionally we'd forget about them. You know, the shot would be over, the director would say, 'Right, over here next,' and all of a sudden we'd see these Daleks flashing their lights at us – the guys inside had been there for over an hour and were dying to come out. That used to happen quite frequently!"

Terry Nation's script, his first for the series since 1965, included several scenes featuring unusually large quantities of his evil creations. This posed problems, not only with regard to the model work it necessitated, but also with the full-size Daleks themselves. "In those days, the BBC would let the Daleks out for fund-raising quite often, which is why they looked rather battered – they used to get some very rough treatment. They weren't made for that sort of thing. I think we only had three or four Daleks that were operable – the rest were just hollow dummies. We used to tie them up with bits of nylon, pulling all the others along with him. And all those shots of Daleks going down corridors invariably used the same corridor every time! You'd shoot from one end, and then change the lighting and shoot from the other end!

"We had to do all the model work at Ealing, because they wouldn't let you make a mess at the BBC TV Centre! We managed to find a few of these little clockwork Daleks which Louis Marx made – they're collector's items now – and then we split them in half and reproduced them in plaster. The great cave they were in was actually a matte painting that I did on glass. And we had tanks full of what was supposed to be liquid ice, but was really Polycell wallpaper paste. It got everywhere. We let this stuff out all over the Daleks – and suddenly, everything you picked up was smothered in it! Then, we had all those spitting plants in the jungle, which made another right mess everywhere. I had to make up some substance that would stick when it hit people, but that would also come out of the guns, which were operated by stirrup-pumps. Filthy stuff, it was."

The model filming also required a relatively straightforward shot of the TARDIS travelling through space, used to link the story in with its forerunner, *Frontier in Space*.

'We got shots where we thought, "Hm, don't like the look of this" – but we couldn't do anything about it!'

It's lovely once you're in: a Dalek takes an icy dip. *Planet of the Daleks*

"Well-it-worked-when-that-Jamie-Oliver-made-it." *Planet of the Daleks*

"Take two Daleks into the shower?" Er . . . no. *Planet of the Daleks*

History was in the making . . . "I was the first person to film the TARDIS spinning in space," says Cliff. "That came about almost by accident. When you hang these things up, you don't want the filament to show, so you start off with the thinnest one that you can find. Then you find it breaks, so you use a thicker one and, of course, eventually, it starts to twist and plait itself. So, almost as soon as we'd hung the TARDIS model up, it started to spin of its own volition. We looked at it and said, 'Yeah, that's wonderful. We'll try that!' and they kept it from that moment onwards.

'Location filming with the Daleks was always a nightmare, because you couldn't do anything with them!'

"What I used to find somewhat annoying was that what, for me, were quite tricky scenes would always be left right until the end of the production day. You'd find, in the last ten minutes, the blue backing would be rolled down from up in the roof, and you'd be trying to get quite important shots done up in some tiny corner of the studio, with not enough room round the actors. You're supposed to keep an actor about 12 feet away from the blue backing to avoid him picking up a blue reflection – but sometimes, you didn't have 12 feet for the entire shot! I remember a CSO sequence we did in those sort of conditions, where a Dalek had to appear out of nowhere because it was invisible. We shot it against a yellow background, and the Dalek was painted yellow as well, so that it wouldn't show. We then gave the actors spray cans, which we'd dressed up to look a bit more modern, so that they could spray a different colour paint over the Dalek. We let them do so much, and then, while the director cut away to something else, we got in with a big spray gun, and, gradually, this Dalek 'appeared'."

Constraints of time and budget often stretched the production team to the limit; Cliff thinks, however, that some of the pressure could have been avoided. "I didn't really like the way they recorded the show in those days. We used to start at ten o'clock and spend all morning 'blocking', which involved working out all the camera moves. Then, we'd all go to lunch. After that, we'd start rehearsing and it always seemed to me that by about four o'clock, when everybody had got their moves and you'd tried the effects out, everyone was ready to go for it. But instead, you'd muck about for another couple of hours, go for dinner, and only when you came back at seven o'clock would they start the VTR machines. However, by this time, the actors were tired – they'd rehearsed the lines until they were coming out of their ears and were fed up with them, so we used to get some terrible mistakes made. I used to think that the recorded performances were often poorer than those at four o'clock.

"It was like a treadmill – it all had to be done in a day, and if you hadn't got everything you wanted by 10 o'clock at night, you lost it. Occasionally, I'd get onto a drama show which was just like making a film – you'd rehearse a bit, and once the actors had got it right, you'd record it and then move on to the next scene. Much more comfortable. But on *Doctor Who*, they wouldn't do it 'rehearse/record' – you had to go right through. It was a way that they costed it, called 'total costing', which meant that you didn't pay for anything until the VT recorders were turned on. So, once the tapes were running, it used to get quite hairy in the studio because everybody was on edge. Moreover, as we usually only got to rehearse any effects about a day or two days beforehand, they didn't always work first time. They were physical effects – so, physically, something could go wrong. Therefore, a lot of the time, you were in the hands of the actor, because he'd got his lines to say, his marks to hit so that he was in focus with the cameras, and, at the same time, when he got

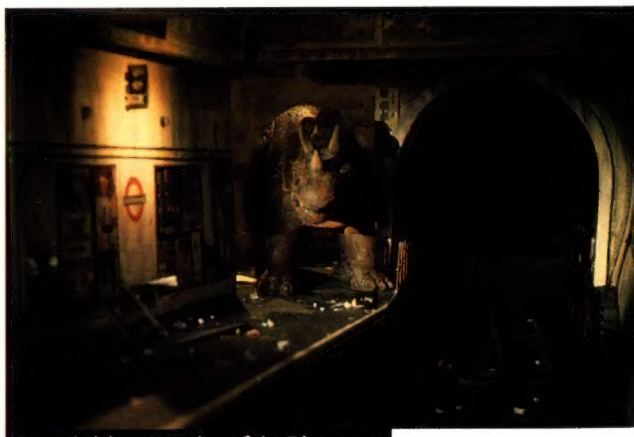
to the right line of dialogue, he had to remember to pull out the gun that you'd made and operate it properly. It was tough."

Planet of the Daleks was also the penultimate story to feature one of the most successful Doctor and companion partnerships – that of Jon Pertwee and Katy Manning. "Jon was quite a tough nut, though I always found that he was very professional in the way he did the show. I clearly remember that, just before they turned on the machines, Pertwee would always wish everybody, 'Best of luck! Break a leg!' He always insisted on saying that. I rather enjoyed working with Jon – he knew what he'd got to do, and he appreciated what you'd got to do. He was very good – as was David Maloney, the director. We used to find it very amusing with Katy, though, because she really was as blind as a bat! She used to fall over and bang into things all round the set. She was very conscious of the fact that she couldn't wear her glasses, so the first thing she always wanted when she'd finished her scenes was her glasses back! She was very, very brave – I mean, she used to do some terrible little stunts, and she couldn't really see what was involved. She used to just try and remember where she was going!"

In the shadow of something large, placid and stupid . . . *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*

Cliff's services were required again just a matter of months later, on Malcolm Hulke's six-part *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. It was producer Barry Letts' fondness for model effects which led to their extensive use in this story, but criticism of their distinctly underwhelming execution has often been levelled at Cliff. However . . . "An outside company made all the models, because they were too big to be done here. Some of them were only heads which had to come round doorways and things like that, but the trouble was that they couldn't really move. I mean, we used to get shots where we thought, 'God, don't like the look of this,' but there just wasn't any time to do anything about it. There really wasn't. [Producer] Barry Letts was always on our side as much as he could be, but it was very tough, so I'm not surprised if some things don't stand up effects-wise, though I hope that nothing actually spoiled anyone's enjoyment of the show. To be honest, if you look at some of the early *Star Wars* on video, they cheated something terrible. I mean, some of those spaceships flying over mountains weren't matted, they were just burned on – you can see the mountains through them. George Lucas was very clever with his editing, but some of them were bad. The public have now become very sophisticated – everything's got to be perfect.

"I was constricted, very much so, on what could be spent. It was very tight, and yet they always seemed to have money for other programmes. You know, that's why I wonder what's going to happen if the Americans get hold of it, because they spend money like water on their effects. I mean, they're brilliant effects, but the BBC, or anybody else, making a film has to be conscious of what the film is liable to take at the box office. The yardstick, we're told, is that you've got to take three times at the box office what it costs, before the guy who puts up the money starts to make anything. It's a great shame, in some ways, that they can only find that sort of money in the States, although I think that while the Americans are apt to flood a film with money and technicians, over here you have to use your ingenuity a bit more, because you haven't got that kind of cash available."

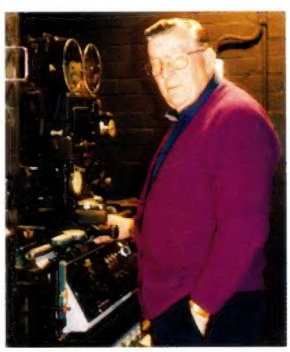


Tunnel vision: *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*

'Being outside contractors, we didn't always get the best stories to do'

It was on Tom Baker's introductory tale *Robot* that Cliff made his final contribution to the series. "Jim Acheson designed the big robot in that one. The poor bloke in that outfit could hardly move – it really was huge. In one of the scenes, he was supposed to break down a door and come bursting in. Well, we had this door made out of balsa wood; it was very light – it almost looked too light, we thought – and there was this bloke, togged up in this giant suit, and he just couldn't break this door! So we spent the lunch hour scraping the back of this door away until it was, really, almost like paper. We were frightened to let anyone go near it in case this damn door fell apart! Eventually, he did come bursting through it, but a delay like that could cost you a lot in those days."

Since that first contract with the BBC ended, Cliff has continued to work in both film and television, specialising in the creation of finely detailed matte paintings, many of which are masterpieces in their own right. "Most of my big work has been on American TV series. I was in Russia for about 17 weeks on *Peter the Great* – which was an eye-opener, I must admit. I went there to do 12 paintings, but because the Russians didn't get any of the sets built on time, I finished up doing 42! Which was great!"



In closing, did Cliff have a favourite of his three *Doctor Whos*? "I think the Dalek one was one of the best because it incorporated a few matte paintings, which most of them didn't – they wouldn't wait long enough for you to complete them. But I had good fun doing them all." DWM

It's the end, but...

by The Watcher

'Jumping Jehosophat!' is one of the Third Doctor's favourite interjections, apparently. Since when?

Being a pompous old so-and-so, I enjoy collecting the inaccuracies and howlers, both great and small, which often trot across the bumpy terrain of *Doctor Who* literature. One of the first contributions I ever made to **DWM** was an affectionately tongue-in-cheek dictionary of fan clichés – which, for example, commemorated the endearing tendency of *Doctor Who* critics to use the word 'climatic' instead of 'climactic'.

Oh yes, what fun to be a pedantic patroller of language and literature. So this month, dear reader, I thought I'd render myself even more loathsome in your already appalled sight by unearthing some more of these side-splitting blunders from the pages of one of my favourite laugh-a-minute reads, which an unwritten code of journalistic honour forbids me to mention by name (but it has the words 'Databank', 'The' and 'Universal' in its title).

This hilarious volume appears to believe, for instance, that the words HERESIARCH and ARCHIMANDRITE were both invented by David Fisher for the sole use of the peoples of Argolis and Tara. Even more preposterously, the definition of XEROPHYTE is given as "a cactus-like being with great powers", a revelation which will come as a shock to the countless horticulturists around the globe who have pots of the things lined up on their kitchen windowsills.

Now, please don't imagine I consider myself immune to such idiocy. I blush to confess that there was a time when I believed Mutter's Spiral to be the genuine name of our galaxy. I've met other fans who admitted in their cups that they once thought 'ectopic' meant 'has two hearts', or that *Planet of the Spiders* is set in a place called 'Mummerset', or that the Second Law of Thermodynamics really is 'entropy increases'. The lesson is clear: if in doubt, look it up – or you could end up with egg on your face. I know I did.

But for goodness' sake don't look it up in the aforementioned loopy lexicon. BRYN GWIDDON, it tells us, is apparently "One of the three Gorsedds of England. It was located in Wales." I mean, did this fellow write the jokes for *Delta and the Bannermen*, or what? He's clearly not going to win any prizes for geography, for in addition to the England/Wales howler he also believes the ORINOCO to be a "portion of the Amazon" and HACKNEYWICK (one word) to be "Garron's hometown in Somerset". History presents a challenge too. He thinks that MORTON is a "Megropolis One resident" (he isn't; Robert Holmes is making a humorous reference to "Morton's Fork", a particular piece of chop-logic used by one of Henry VII's advisers to extract taxes from unwilling subjects), and that PIRO is a "Denizen of Marinus" (he isn't; Terry Nation is making a humorous reference to Pyrrho, the 6th Century BC founder of Pyrrhonian scepticism). And I'm not even going to get involved with the rubbish that appears under the entry FOUGOUS – the wrong end of the stick has here been grasped with an enthusiasm that would crack timber (and to add insult to injury, "fogous" hasn't even been spelled properly).

We could go on forever, snootily mocking this book for its legion of basic inaccuracies (JUMPING JEHOSOPHAT is apparently "one of the Third Doctor's favourite interjections" – oh yeah, like when?), but time is pressing and I want to move on and ridicule another aspect altogether. You see, even sillier is the fact that the book doesn't seem to know its own parameters – it can never quite decide where to stop. There's a fascinating entry on PIGS, for example, but nothing on horses or dogs. There are random and deeply unnecessary instances of alphabetical inversion: look up SILVER NEMESIS, and you are ponderously advised to "see NEMESIS, SILVER". Why? I mean, the entry on FANG ROCK doesn't say "see ROCK, FANG". What's going on? Has the world gone entirely mad? And even here there's high comedy to be had; in a moment of (presumably) unintentional mirth, one priceless entry reads "SEAWEED: see WEED", a spectacular philological triumph which made me laugh for about an hour when I first read it.

Perhaps silliest of all are the book's 'abstract' entries, which undertake to classify such nebulous concepts as UTOPIAS, CRIME, GIGANTISM and EVIL. The latter is my favourite entry in the whole book, systematically arranging various of the Doctor's foes under such mathematically precise sub-categories as "Misguided fanatics", "Evil human women" and, astonishingly, "Villains motivated by sheer megalomania and/or an unquenchable thirst for conquest". What exactly might be the purpose of this dedicated scholarship is a matter for conjecture, particularly as its accuracy is called into question by the fact that four of the six "Evil human women" cited aren't even human. But in a book which never stops at one word where two will suffice (STELLAR is a "female child" rather than a "girl", while HARDAKER (MRS) is magnificently defined as an "Overprotective, prudish, middle-aged Northumberland woman") – well, anything is possible.

One is reminded of George Eliot's Casaubon, his whole dried-up life spent assimilating facts and figures, found dead with his pen in his hand before he's even begun writing his *Key to All Mythologies*. Perhaps more to the point, one is reminded of *Ghost Light*'s Light, his attempt to catalogue all creation thwarted by the unstoppable constancy of change. You see, you just can't do it. You can't break *Doctor Who* down to its constituent parts, take its "evil human women" and its NEMESIS, SILVER and stuff them and mount them and hang them like trophies, and expect them to reveal anything of value about the great body of work that spurred you into action in the first place. You could collect a specimen of every last sub-species of butterfly in the world and pin them up in the most exquisite display cabinets money could buy, but I'd swap your whole collection just to see one tortoiseshell fluttering through my garden on a summer's day. Just so, if you gave this idiotic book to someone who'd never heard of *Doctor Who*, they could read it from cover to cover and still not have the remotest idea what the show's really about.

Still, let's not be too harsh. I've had the book for eight years and it still makes me laugh. That's got to be worth £4.99 of anyone's money.

DWM

The Final Test

Bright enough to be taken to the Dynatrope? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 *The Sea Devils*, *Castrovalva*, *Mawdryn Undead* and *The Five Doctors*?

2 Tigilinus, Fedorin, Hallet and Dorothea Remington?

3 *The Chase*, *The Horns of Nimon*, *The Awakening* and *Attack of the Cybermen*?

4 The White Robots [pictured], a Kaled Mutant, the Krynoid and the Possicar delegate?

5 *Day of the Daleks*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *Image of the Fendahl*, *The Visitation*, *Earthshock*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *Attack of the Cybermen* and no others (unless you count *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*)?

6 Tours; Circuit; Factor; of the elements?

Answers from last issue

1 They are all Time Lords who had human doubles in Paris at the time of the 1572 massacre (or, to put it another way, Time Lord actors who also appeared in *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*).

2 The Doctor whistles *Colonel Bogey* in all four stories.

3 Their names were all changed in the relevant Target novelisations (to Barker, Moni, Hollis, Bell and Hildred).

4 In each the Doctor rides a motorbike.

5 They were rejuvenated into children (in *The Time Monster* and *Mawdryn Undead* respectively), whereas Sara and Jo were both accelerated into old age (in *The Daleks' Master Plan* and *The Claws of Axos* respectively).

6 They have all played big-screen versions of characters (Dracula, Elizabeth I, Abraham Lincoln, Frankenstein's Monster, William Shakespeare, Ian Chesterton) who appear in *The Chase*.

PROOF PERHAPS THAT TEENAGE GIRLS AREN'T ALL SUGAR AND SPICE...

Special guest star: *Babylon 5*'s Peter Jurasik

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